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AT THE TRIAL of Sacco and Vanzetti the former produced two acquaintances to swear that they saw him in Boston arranging about a passport on April 15, 1920, the day of the murder in South Braintree, Massachusetts. When the committee of three, headed by President Lowell of Harvard University, reviewed the evidence in 1927, the veracity of these men was challenged. They had said that they were able to fix the date because on the same day there was a dinner to an editor of the Boston *Transcript*. Mr. Lowell declared that by his own investigation he had learned that the dinner in question took place a month after the murder and said that the result of the discovery was to destroy a "serious alibi." Later the two witnesses proved from newspaper files that they were correct about the date of the dinner and Mr. Lowell apologized. But in its record of proceedings the Lowell committee failed to include an account of the vindication of the witnesses who swore to the alibi in behalf of Sacco. This omission occurred in spite of a reminder by Sacco's counsel that if the alibi was "serious" when Mr. Lowell thought to have destroyed it, it became equally important for the defense when reestablished. Nothing went into the Lowell minutes but a cryptic note so unintelligible that an explanation was sought by the committee of lawyers which is now publishing the Sacco-Vanzetti record, a group consisting of Newton D. Baker, Emory R. Buckner, Charles C. Burlingham, John W. Davis, Bernard Flexner, Raymond B. Fosdick, Charles P. Howland, Victor Morawetz, Charles Nagel, Walter H. Pollak, and Elihu Root. An explanation has therefore been included in the form of a footnote in Volume V of the record which has just been issued by Henry Holt and Company. Mr. Lowell's fairness had already been discredited; now his integrity also is impugned if he knowingly was responsible for the failure to record the vital happenings before the committee in connection with Sacco's alibi.

EXIT THE SEVENTIETH CONGRESS. With something accomplished and something undone, it has tottered into history. This winter's "lame-duck" session has appropriated about $4,650,000,000, the highest amount for any session since the World War. Besides that it has talked a great deal about prohibition and evolved the Jones act, which we discuss more fully below. Doubtless the historic work of the session lay chiefly in the strangely contradictory double action of ratifying—with important reservations—Secretary Kellogg's Multilateral Treaty for the Renunciation of War and in voting the construction of fifteen new cruisers and an aircraft carrier. Boulder Dam was authorized by a compromise which leaves it with the Secretary of the Interior to determine whether the building of a power plant and the distribution of current shall be government or private enterprises. There was a compromise also in regard to the Salt Creek oil leases. Senator Nye failed in his effort to continue the special inquiry, but the subject was referred to the Department of Justice with the reservation that if the situation should demand it the Senate would reopen the investigation. In any event Ex-Senator Sterling is probably eliminated as counsel. A survey of the Nicaragua canal route was authorized, and the Federal Radio Commission was continued to the end of this year. On the debit side Congress failed to do anything in regard to railroad consolidation or the long-overdue regulation of coal mines. The much-needed Fenn reapportionment bill was allowed to die, farm relief was shoved over to the special session, and no legislation was passed to limit injunctions in labor disputes. Nor was provision made for taking the next census.

THE JONES LAW, which raises the maximum penalty for violation of the Volstead Act to five years in prison or a fine of $10,000, or both, puts into the hands of prohibition enforcers the legal weapon hitherto reserved for use against such crimes as arson, rape, burglary, and second-degree murder. Even the Anti-Saloon League could hardly ask for more. It may be that it has asked for and received

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too much for the good of prohibition. In the rural sections of the country, especially in the Middle West, the law may be invoked and enforced; but in cities which are predominantly Wet, and in the Wet Eastern States, the Jones law is likely to have the effect of nullifying the Volstead Act. The recent refusal of a New York jury to convict confessed liquor-law violators when they were charged with conspiracy —involving a heavier penalty—is a case in point. The Anti-Saloon League would have done better to concentrate on the fundamental problem of prohibition enforcement—that of obtaining incorruptible agents who will carry out the law. Few will deny that if the present laws had ever been properly enforced, there would be no demand for such desperate measures as the Jones act prescribes. What is to prevent corrupt officials, armed now with the Jones measure, from raising the price of immunity, thus indirectly increasing the stakes which bootleggers and racketeers have not hesitated to fight for with machine-guns? Meanwhile, statistics issued by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union show that the death-rate from alcoholism in 1927 was forty per million of population—four times the rate of 1920, but twelve deaths fewer than the average in the pre-prohibition years from 1912 to 1917.

THE MOST ASTONISHING of Mr. Hoover's selections for his Cabinet is that of ex-Governor Arthur M. Hyde of Missouri. In that State Mr. Hyde made an extremely poor record as Governor. The quality of his administration may be gauged from the fact that several of his appointees to office were indicted and convicted of crime, one going to the penitentiary. Not only that, but he appointed his brother Commissioner of Insurance. His influence kept his brother in office during the succeeding administration, with the result that Missouri witnessed, under the brother's management, the greatest insurance scandal in the history of the State. Throughout his four years his appointments were bad. There is almost nothing to his credit except that he established a good highway department and furthered the building of good roads. It is only fair to add that he is a consistent Dry and as such would not compromise on this issue to obtain the Senatorship from his State, which fact defeated him. At heart he is a stand-pat Republican. Like the new Postmaster-General, Mr. Brown, he supported Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, but in both cases this was undoubtedly due to political opportunism. It is reported in the press that Mr. Hyde was chosen because of his identification with ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois and his movement for farm betterment. As a matter of fact Mr. Hyde has never been identified with the movement for better agricultural conditions sufficiently to attract any attention. Yet this is the type of man the great engineer-administrator considers Cabinet material!

ONE OF PRESIDENT HOOVER'S more immediate tasks will be to decide what to do about the national-origins clause of the immigration act of 1924. Under this act, immigration quotas are to be determined on the basis of the census of 1790. It is true that this was long before the great years of American immigration; it is true that the American population has changed almost entirely in 140 years; it is true that the census of 1790 was a thoroughly incomplete and unreliable one. But with their customary absence of any pretense to reality, our workers for less and more selective immigration proceed as if the census of 1790 actually was a flash of intuitive genius, an intimation from the Almighty as to just how America should grow. Mr. Hoover will have the enviable task of either proclaiming the law effective as of July 1, 1929—although he declared himself as opposed to it last summer—or of postponing it still another year. But one wonders if Representative Albert Johnson, chairman of the House Immigration Committee, and his friends who sponsor the bill, have not rather overreached themselves in desiring to preserve the United States for the descendants of Mayflower passengers, for the new quotas, while favoring highly acceptable countries like Great Britain and the Netherlands, actually are increased from suspect—probably Bolshevik!—nations such as Greece, Latvia, Lithuania, Portugal, and even Russia! On the other hand, the pure Nordic countries of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden find their quotas drastically reduced. Isn't there some dreadful mistake? Have we not for years been hearing that north-European immigrants were the backbone of our nation? And are these worthy Swedes and Danes and Norwegians to be thrust aside for a mere Lett, or worse still for a long-haired wildman fresh from Soviet Russia?

AT THE REQUEST of the Government of Santo Domingo Ex-Vice-President Dawes will head a commission to revise the fiscal organization of that country and establish a modern budget system. It will be concerned only with expenditures. The commission is unofficial as far as the United States Government is concerned; its findings may conceivably be the basis for further American financing in Santo Domingo. In this respect, however, we hope the Dominican Republic can be depended upon to guard its independence as it did in 1924 when a loan of $25,000,000—provided for in a plan worked out by the American Receiver of Customs in Santo Domingo and the American Commissioner—was rejected by the republic on the ground that it would extend even further the American Receivership of Customs, established in 1907 to regulate repayment of loans. The Receivership, which is expected to end about 1947, constitutes the extent of official American control in Santo Domingo which was formally relinquished by the treaty of 1924. Our influence through economic penetration is much more difficult to gauge. The invitation is to do a fiscal and in no sense a political job. It would indicate that Santo Domingo no longer fears United States intervention. Incidentally, it is another evidence of the prestige which General Dawes and other American financial experts have achieved in foreign countries by their excellent work in this capacity.

WE TEND TO FORGET, as the years move slowly on, that evil conditions which existed five or eight or even ten years ago have become barbarous commonplaces of today. In Hungary, for instance, the White Terror, which we discussed with horror in 1920, is still the accepted practice of an intrenched and hardened autocracy. A recent article in the *Manchester Guardian* from a special correspondent describes the brutal treatment of Mathias Rakosi, who has been in prison since 1926 because of his attempt to organize a Communist Party in Hungary. Rakosi, appalled by the treatment of his fellow politicals, wrote a letter to

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his legal adviser, describing prison conditions. The letter fell into the hands of the prison authorities. Immediately reprisals were wrought upon Rakosi which only serve to bear out the revolting charges contained in his indictment. We quote from the article:

> To begin with, he was put into a dark cell for six days. This cell is completely dark and is underground, beneath the prison chapel. He was then isolated for three months, during which time he was allowed to do nothing, read nothing, and see no one except the warder. Nor is he, even now, allowed to receive letters or parcels, nor does he perform the ordinary labor usually done in prison. . . . His cell is heated for only one or two hours daily, and then inadequately. His food ration—never really adequate—has been reduced by one-third, and he can receive no parcel from outside. . . . These two and a half years [of prison life] have already shattered his superb constitution. He was a strong and healthy man; he is now a nervous wreck and has lost two stone in weight. He has developed chronic and apparently incurable stomach trouble, and has gone completely bald.

It is well sometimes to recall that a dictatorship does not change its ways even after it becomes accepted and sanctified by time and the approval of other governments. The spirit of the Terror remains.

THE BRILLIANCE OF LEON TROTZKY has not dimmed. His recent series of articles published by the New York *Times* attests that. His analysis of his rival, Stalin, as a mediocre, practical politician raised to supreme power by circumstances is the most interesting and significant of his observations. In it perhaps lies the key to Trotzky's present situation. The first dangerous and spectacular years after the revolution called for brilliant action, which Trotzky and his Red Army supplied. Since then the Soviet regime has been upheld by plodding hard work and compromise which began with Lenin in his New Economic Policy. Whether Trotzky, brilliant and lovable idealist, without the genius of Lenin, could have brought the Soviet Government to its present strength is a question that can never be answered. The fact remains that Russia is strong, and Stalin is in control, while Trotzky stands out as the tragic figure of the Russian Revolution. The story of his exile, first by the Czar, now by the Government he gave his best years to found, is one of the striking ironies in history.

NO ONE, certainly no "servant of Christ," sank lower during the war than the late Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. At the outset he championed the Kaiser, whom he highly praised, and the German people—he had delivered more than one hundred times a lecture on the wonderful "New Germany." Next he swung around and opposed the Germans, suddenly discerning that they were already violating the Monroe Doctrine in South America and declaring that the war was simply the outgrowth of Germany's territorial, economic, and political ambitions. Next he began to denounce German atrocities which never existed—bewailing the Belgian babies with their hands cut off, etc., of whom not one was ever discovered. When we got into the war he threw off the last vestige of the Christianity of the Prince of Peace, presenting—for money—pictures of alleged atrocities, denouncing with all his eloquence—for money—the barbarous enemy whom, a little while before—for money—he was praising to the skies. Nobody equaled him in the bitterness and ferocity of his speeches, or the hate that he preached with a vehemence to make the German authors of their several hymns of hate pale with envy. For money Newell Dwight Hillis engaged in questionable business enterprises, as to one of which probably only his cloth saved him from prosecution. And people wonder why the church loses ground! It was poetic—and Christian—justice that in his last destitute years Dr. Hillis was supported in part by money given by one of German name and blood.

EXCUSE US FOR A MOMENT from consideration of ponderous questions while we pen a paragraph on a flighty subject. For what could be more flighty than birds?—aviators that were doing quite creditable performances in the air some years before Mr. Lindbergh began to get his picture in the papers. If a questionnaire were sent out among them for an opinion on the most valuable work of the Congress just ended, there would be a great chirping and twittering in favor of the Norbeck-Andresen act for establishing migratory-bird refuges. The act provides for annual expenditures for a decade in acquiring tracts of land which shall be maintained as bird sanctuaries. In a country where marsh lands and wild areas are growing ever less this is a great stroke of luck for the birds, because even the most stringent regulation of shooting is of slight comfort if we starve the poor creatures to death instead. Secretary Jardine, in a public statement last month, emphasized the value of birds to agriculture. But why lug in the old subject of farm relief? We like such blithe and beautiful creatures as birds on their own account. We like the glint of their plumage on the grass or in the trees; we like their gay warblings and plaintive calls; we like the sweep of their bodies in the sky. We are glad that among the accumulating smoke stacks of industrial America a few wild areas are to be preserved for the birds.

THIS IS THE DAY of the motor bus, of its speed, its flexibility, and its increasing reliability. Fifteen years ago the bus was practically unknown. Today, according to a pamphlet of the Greyhound Lines, there are 6,700 motor carrier companies in the United States, operating more than 35,000 buses over 234,000 miles of highway and carrying one billion passengers a year. If the latter figure seems incredible it is worth pointing out that passengers on steam railroads have decreased from 1,234,862,048 in 1920 to 829,854,522 in 1927, while the railroads themselves admit that the figures for 1928 will show a further alarming drop. They are turning to buses both as feeders and in place of lines which they are abandoning; with the laying of concrete roads, railroad executives are giving less attention to replacing steam locomotives with combination gasoline cars on branch lines. But in that experiment they were too late, precisely as they were too tardy in meeting the electric trolley car. Now they are planning to use the public highways despite the increasing taxes on buses. To operate a small local train costs, it is said, $1.25 a mile; a motor bus costs between 25 and 30 cents. Especially noteworthy is the increase in night travel by bus and the rapid development of through service from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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The Inaugural and the Cabinet

WITH all respect to the new President, no duller inaugural message was ever read under the dome of the Capitol. No single flash of inspiration, or of original thought, or of stirring imagery, or of moving appeal appears in the document. Mr. Hoover believes himself to be an idealist and stresses the idealism of the public, but convey a genuine idealism he cannot. All in all, it is the old order which changeth not; a new phase of which we have just witnessed in Washington.

He is wise in placing the responsibility for the non-enforcement of the prohibition amendment upon the respectable persons who make possible the bootleggers' trade. If he cannot win to the support of prohibition the cooperation of those large classes in the community who think it is smart to defy the law, there is but slight hope of his enforcing it. He also positively committed himself to the fullest extent possible to the enforcement of the liquor law. If he means that, we shall see some sensational happenings.

Mr. Hoover was excellent in his reiteration of the familiar demand for a reform in our federal judicial procedure and the whole system of jurisprudence. But that has been voiced again and again, and nothing has ever come of it. The inertia of the courts, of the legal profession, and of the legislatures, which the lawyers so largely compose and control, makes the prospect of relief as remote today as it has been for the last two decades. Far more important is that, for the first time since his nomination last June, Mr. Hoover has made a positive affirmation on behalf of peace, besides going as far as he can in urging us into the World Court. All through the campaign he spoke repeatedly of the necessity of armaments, but never once declared that he would dedicate himself to the cause of peace. There are no burning words upon this subject in the inaugural, but at least there is a reaffirmation of our readiness to discuss further limitation of armaments and some recognition of the compelling demand for peace among the people of the world. Unfortunately, even here are the weasel words which, next to platitudes, are the chief stock in trade of the politician. Mr. Hoover, a Quaker, member of a church which centuries ago abjured the use of force in human relations, declares that peace can be "contributed to by respect for our ability in defense." Finally, he declares that we are not seeking to expand—just after we have annexed Samoa—and assures us again that we are not imperialistic, only idealistic. The rest of the inaugural by its dulness, its complacency, and its platitudes again stamps Mr. Hoover as entirely fitted to be President—that is according to recent standards.

As for his official family, President Hoover, the engineer and administrator, heralded as a great organizer certain to produce a revolution in our method of government, has labored and brought forth a Cabinet of the familiar Republican type; if anything less distinguished than usual. With the exception of Mr. Mellon, Mr. Stimson, and Mr. Davis, none of his selections are widely known outside of the boundaries of their States. The list as a whole is quite unimpressive. It cannot even be maintained that there are more than two men who can be considered specialists in their new fields. Three of them, Messrs. Hyde, Brown, and Good, are politicians to whom one is inclined to attach the adjective cheap—a designation well merited by Mr. Good, whose nomination is certain to be opposed in the Senate. At least it can only be said that they are second-raters. Real experts and technicians are not to be discovered in this Cabinet, while the two men held over from Mr. Coolidge's regime are among the least desirable. Those who looked for the exclusion of political henchmen must admit their disappointment. There is no revolution here to excite interest and hope of a better administrative day.

That the Cabinet is militaristic and imperialistic is obvious, and so is the fact that its point of view is largely that of big business. Mr. Mellon remains the most conspicuous figure. Robert P. Lamont, the new Secretary of Commerce, is qualified for this position by reason of great wealth, of some engineering experience, by his presidency of the American Steel Foundaries Company and his directorships in many large companies. Perhaps the best of the new appointments is Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, but all his associations have for years been with the conservatives of State Street where he has invested the great funds of Harvard University, which investments he has admirably managed, in his capacity of treasurer, for thirty-one years. He is a director of five trust companies, a savings bank, the Massachusetts and Consolidated Gas companies, the Old Colony Railroad, and many other concerns. Once Mayor of Quincy, a direct descendant of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, he is without doubt the foremost amateur sailor in America. The new Attorney-General, William D. Mitchell, has been a law partner of the reactionary Pierce Butler, now a justice of the Supreme Court. He was a colonel of militia who served as a lieutenant in the war with Spain and has been an extraordinarily able corporation lawyer, especially for railroads. He is notorious for a militant "two hundred per cent Americanism."

In the entire list there is not one single man who gives hope of liberal policies, of a change in the outlook and procedure of the Coolidge Administration. There is no prospect whatever of an alteration in our attitude toward Central and South America, or toward Europe. Mr. Hoover did not even violate precedent in picking his Cabinet far in advance of inauguration. But that is trifling compared to the fact that he has taken into the Cabinet Walter F. Brown, who came to Washington in the entourage of Warren G. Harding, as a member of the Ohio gang. A political wire-puller for years, no one in Ohio will maintain that his influence was in the direction of progress—this despite his espousal of the Roosevelt ticket of 1912. As for ex-Representative Good of Iowa, it is perhaps sufficient to say that he is the law partner of Bascom Slemp, and that he has been a consistent and loyal party hack of familiar type. Regrettable is the retention of Secretary Davis, one of the narrowest of immigration restrictionists, a representative of labor who while in the Cabinet has raised great sums, partly because of his governmental prestige, for a fraternal order. This is no Cabinet to lead toward a better America!

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Mexico's Uprising

THE Mexican rebellion pivots wholly on General Calles. He must continue the struggle against his great hates, which are also the great national curses: politics in the army, personal political chieftainship, and graft, three aspects of the same thing. The fight may also come to include another lap of the Calles crusade against the economic and political activities of the Roman Catholic church. The rebellion is not a rising of nine states, but of military garrisons scattered in those states, massed in the north. Without exception every rebel leader belongs to the former Obregon block, a group made up of military veterans of Obregon's campaigns in the north, ready for their rewards and determined to have them.

In a sense the charming and patriotic Obregon was a symbol, possibly because he could not help himself, of the evils which Calles has been fighting. From the beginning of his administration Calles combated strenuously all graft, and steadily undermined military political power, shifting the weight of control to labor. Obregon's reelection meant a come-back which no one dared oppose openly because of the chieftain's power in the army and the additional support of the agrarians, before whom he dangled the long-promised but never quite-given lands.

Obregon's murder coincided strangely with the interests of Mexican civil democracy, and Calles jumped to the advantage. He made his stand sensationally clear with the statement that Mexico must no longer be governed by military chieftains. Supported by his personal allies in the army, he maneuvered Portes Gil, a lawyer and radical agrarian, into provisional power, and set the stage for the new elections by extracting from all generals a promise to hold aloof from the contest.

If the present government can continue counting on the rest of the army, about two-thirds, and on American friendship, and reassures the agrarians, who are now the biggest non-military power, that it will carry out the land reforms it has seriously undertaken, probably it will hold its own. Its great danger lies in the two extremes—the conservatives, landowners, and private capitalists disaffected since Diaz days, linked to the discontented priests who have maintained constant turmoil in the central states through small armed bands under the monarchical banner of "Christ the King"; and in the disillusioned agrarians. A hole in the government armor would bring to the battle these two forces. All the other discontented elements—the political has-beens and the disintegrated C. R. O. M., or organized-labor forces, would rise.

It is difficult to imagine a union for offense of the radical peasantry and allied labor (the miners, the railroad men, and some of the oil workers) with the church and therefore also necessarily with its former masters. Yet it is only in the remains of the aristocracy and in the peasantry, which is theoretically radical and fundamentally in revolution until it regains the fields of which it was dispossessed mostly during the Diaz regime, that a union between church and state might exist. For this peasantry, though it cares nothing for the Pope, cares very much for its images, and easily enough the two are rendered politically identical.

The "Black Plague"

THE annual birth-control war is on and in several States is being waged with more than ordinary ferocity. Few causes have stirred as much vituperative and indecent opposition as this one, and none is more in need of intelligent, scientific handling. In New York State the battle has been joined in Albany, where the groups favoring a change in the law have confronted the opposition of a strange alliance composed of Roman Catholic church organizations and the Rev. John Roach Straton. The supporters of the Remer bill—which provides that it shall be legal for physicians to give birth-control information to married persons—comprise an imposing list of secular and nonpartisan organizations, from the State League of Women Voters and the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs to a large number of settlements and day nurseries. Never before has so much cautious and thoroughly respectable opinion been ranged on the side of this sort of legislation. Many ministers and physicians have come out in favor of it; Dr. Benjamin Tilton, consultant at the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane, said at the hearing on the bill at Albany that a questionnaire sent to the faculties of medical colleges throughout the State showed that the sentiment was 8 to 1 in favor of it.

On the other side of the fence are the Catholics—and Dr. Straton. The latter appeared at the hearing and, by the evidence of newspaper reports, indulged in an orgy of hysterical abuse of the supporters of the bill. The Catholic organizations and press have behaved no better. Not content with preaching that contraception is a sin, they are also unwilling that those who disagree with them shall be permitted even to learn about it. The bill proposed in New York is purely permissive; if it becomes law no person in or out of the Catholic church need ever use measures of birth control or receive any information about them. But in spite of this a Catholic organization such as the New York Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society, composed of 343 branches with a membership of more than 100,000 men, has protested to the legislature "against the adoption of the Remer bill *in favor of the use of contraceptive methods.*" (The italics are ours.) Similar misrepresentation is contained in a statement by the Catholic Bishop of Buffalo, who condemns the law as one backed by "the fanaticism of women whose philosophy of life is pagan, who are indolent in their habits, cowardly in their maternal duty to God and their country, and many of them sterile by the constant use of the practices which this bill would sanction." Even the most liberal sections of the Catholic press have joined the cry. *America,* in its issue of February 16, is willing to wave the Catholic vote as a political club:

> In any State where birth-control legislation is pending, our opposition should not be restricted to indignation privately expressed, but should be conveyed to the legislature, and, particularly, to the members of the committee which has the bill in charge. We frankly confess to a certain cynicism in this matter. The average legislator is not greatly moved by reasons based on ethics or the natural law, but he is not anxious to offend his constituents.

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> Let him know, therefore, that as a voter, you are against any legislation which helps to spread this black plague of immorality, more deadly to the State, to the family, and to the individual, than a combination of tuberculosis, cancer, and the social diseases. If he laughs at your Christian proclivities, your voting habits may sober him.

This sort of talk makes us wonder. Why is it that the Catholic church so bitterly opposes a law which ought not to affect in any way the behavior of its loyal members? If Catholic men and women oppose birth control with the fervor their leaders maintain, legal prohibitions are unnecessary, almost insulting. But men and women of any faith are human; in all the official Catholic protestations we detect a note of fear, a suspicion that only ignorance can prevent Catholics and non-Catholics alike from seizing upon the knowledge which will help them determine their own fates and control the vital acts of their lives.

Far-Flung Empire

THE South Seas, to most of us, are a mental symbol rather than a geographical fact. Our picture is a strip of sandy beach, silver under a tropic moon, and in the purple night behind it a thatched hut under a palm tree beside which a native, lightly dressed in clothes of grass and leaves, sits strumming a love song. We think always of escape from roaring, relentless cities to quiet noondays under sparkling suns; peaceful nights beneath the stars; cocoanuts, breadfruit, and soft-speaking, gentle-mannered natives with *café au lait* complexions and a way of life handed down from the Garden of Eden. It does not occur to us that tropic suns can scorch as well as sparkle, that starlit nights may bring forth clouds of mosquitoes, that the South Seas may be painfully provided with disease, filth, superstition, distress, and—problems. Yes, even problems! —many of which the white man himself has brought through his introduction of firearms, fire-water, venereal diseases, and the contraptions which he views religiously as progress.

Toward all this Congress took a hasty glance in the last days of the session just ended, and paused long enough in its discussion of cruisers, rum, and appropriations to take over legally a group of small volcanic islands in the South Pacific which we have been bossing anyhow for the past thirty years. What Congress did was tardily to ratify treaties signed in 1900 and 1904 by native chiefs ceding us sovereignty over what is now known as American Samoa. As far back as 1878 the United States obtained by treaty the right to a coaling station in the harbor of Pago Pago, while the next year similar rights were granted in the islands to Great Britain and Germany. The next two decades were filled with the usual maneuvers of the noble white man when trying to push his way among weaker, less crafty people. Native jealousies were roused, wars were stirred up, and in a disturbance in 1899 several British and American sailors were killed. That, of course, was the cue for the white man to step in and take charge. The Samoan Islands were divided among Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, the first two nations renouncing their rights and claims in Tutuila, Manua, and some smaller islands to us. That was not hard to do, since—aside from coaling privileges—Great Britain and Germany had no rights and claims to renounce, they as well as the United States having expressly recognized the independence of Samoa by treaty ten years previously.

But thus the white man and progress have always advanced. And having seized a slice of Samoa we proceeded to justify it to the punctilious by getting the native chiefs to sign away the rights they had lost anyhow. Such a treaty was signed in behalf of the natives of Tutuila in 1900 and four years later in behalf of Manua. But by then we had forgotten about Samoa, and not until this year did Congress legalize our occupation by ratifying the cession. We lost no time, though, in taking charge. Immediately after the seizure of the islands the President assumed authority and has administered them ever since through the Navy Department. The course of empire has not always run smooth. In 1920 the naval commandant of American Samoa committed suicide rather than face an inquiry ordered as a result of charges made by natives. But native dissatisfaction continued (see *The Nation* of March 15 and April 12, 1922), and in 1921 the naval commandant deported Samuel S. Ripley, who had come out from California to help the people, although he was born in Samoa and, through his father, was an American citizen besides.

Times are happier now, if one is to accept the judgment of Margaret Mead, who has lived among the natives of American Samoa. She does not want to see civilian government introduced and speaks kindly of the naval administration because of its "minimum interference with native life." Writing in the *American Mercury* for March she says:

> The naval government is autocratic, undemocratic, absolute. It is accomplishing its efficient protection of the Samoans from white exploitation by denying freedom of trade, freedom of contract, and various other traditional Anglo-Saxon liberties. Furthermore, as the officers of the navy are sticklers for rank and ceremony, so are the Samoans. The Samoans enjoy having to deal with a punctilious government. . . .
>
> Under a civilian government, which would please the handful of white residents and half castes, the Samoans could not be half so thoroughly protected from exploitation, nor would their elaborate system of ranks and privileges be respected. . . . The navy's motto is Samoa for the Samoans—and the navy.

The population has increased 52.8 per cent under our rule, the writer goes on to say, and American Samoa has escaped from the general tragedy of the natives of the South Seas—acceptance of a civilization to which they are not fitted and in which, after an ignominious interval, they finally die.

Without doubt there is much truth in Miss Mead's analysis. But even though a temporarily benevolent despotism may be working well for the Samoans, our course there has been harmful at home and in other parts of the world. The habit of autocratic and illegal action, possibly used in the interest of the Samoans, has also been employed to violate native civilization and independence in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua, while in the United States it serves to justify the outrageous abuses of the coal and iron police of Pennsylvania and the way in which federal prohibition agents destroy private property without judicial authority, or shoot on sight someone who they think may be carrying alcoholic liquor.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THERE seems to be a standing assignment in the office of every high-school paper which reads: "Send somebody to interview a columnist." F. P. A., I believe, keeps a gun in his office and so many come to me.

This is not said plaintively. Interviewing is a form of flattery and I'm very fond of flattery whether I get it or not. Mostly, perhaps, when I don't get it. People can become sick unto death of flattery but that would seem to me a beautiful way to die. At the present time I have no fair cause for complaint, because I publicly printed my telephone number and said that I would meet all and any who wanted an interview. It was not intended as a generous gesture. My ego seemed to be in a decline and this I hoped might prove a tonic. The treatment has not been wholly successful. The trouble is that I don't interview very well. I used to use the first fifteen minutes of an old lecture, but that never boiled down to much. The broth grows older, and even if the correspondent of the high-school magazine fails to spot it all as ancient stuff I myself grow a little tired of too familiar prattle. It is a fearful sensation to find that you are boring yourself.

Still, the fault is not wholly my own. They all ask the same questions. No budding journalist has been along this way in seven years who did not fail to say: "And what about the younger generation? Is it really as awful as people say?"

How do I know? In fact I resent being asked. The query is probably designed to put me in my place. Such snips as fling it forth are saying indirectly that I am venerable. They want me to talk of the days of Patti and Grant's second Administration. I refuse to be treated as something which in the old days was way up town. The best they get is the same familiar anecdote, the same talk, the same hopeful philosophy. Soon no one will come any more with pad and pencil. I shall be left desolate.

"Tell me some thrilling and dangerous experience that came to you in newspaper work," was one opening fired at me the day before yesterday. I couldn't remember anything like that. If I ever crawled into the hold of a burning ship to ask a dangerous murderer what he thought about prohibition the memory of it has escaped me. There were no trips to opium dens or dashes down the bay in the teeth of any hurricane. At least none that I can recall. Looking back across the years it seems to me that all my newspaper assignments consisted of being sent to the annual Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' banquet to get a list of the guests. And once I was detailed to the yearly conference of the trustees of the Museum of Natural History to bring back a copy of the treasurer's report.

Fortunately, I can boast that I was a reporter who never failed to get his carbon, and with the precious flimsy clutched to my chest I would rush through the night back to the office where the hungry presses waited. And that tense city room would grow still more tense as I ran, or at least walked rapidly to my desk, crying for scissors and a pot of paste and throwing off my coat with the same gesture.

How can I make anybody else appreciate the throes of composition, the fierce pangs which followed as I settled down to my machine, playing it as some of the great masters play Chopin? And the click of the flying keys seemed to sing a song which ran "Clickety-rush-clackety-hurry." And sometimes the theme was varied into "Accuracy-terseness-accuracy." Seldom would I ever trust my copy to a boy, even if it had been possible to get one, and with my own hands I would place the "story," as we newspapermen call it, right at the elbow of the city editor.

Nor was that the end of my agony. At the right hand of the responsible person now in charge of my manuscript there stood, ominously, a spike. And this night it had already tasted blood. Straight through the heart it had pierced a story headed by the press agent "(Exclusive to the *Bugle*)—Ziegfeld Girls Form Anti-Necking Club." From a little distance I watched and waited. Was my story to live or die? Would my dash through the night from Seventy-ninth Street and Columbus Avenue to Dey Street be all in vain? According to the stern tradition of the craft, I was not allowed to plead personally with the editor for my little masterpiece.

And all the time the hands of the big clock crawled slowly forward. Very soon it would be too late for the first edition which catches the train for Chicago and other points west. If I failed to make this edition my triumph would be at best just local. Finally the big man at the desk tossed my three sheets of introduction and pasted matter to a copy reader just in front of him. The copy reader took out a long keen blade and sharpened seven pencils. The clock continued to tick and even tocked a little. The oaf got up to drink some water and lighted a corn-cob pipe. Yawning slightly, he got to work. I watched to see if he would betray excitement, interest, or amusement at the introductory sentence which I had conceived. It ran: "The annual meeting of the trustees of the Museum of Natural History was held last night at the Museum of Natural History."

The big man drew his thickest pencil and, throwing all the power of his back and shoulders into the stroke, he slashed my copy. Probably it was my ear alone which heard the horrid sound of blood dripping to the floor. For a moment it was my notion to tap the brute upon the shoulder saying sternly: "You may use all that or none. There is no alternative." But I remembered the tradition of the fourth estate. We have a saying which runs "Don't give up the ship." I would be a good soldier. And still I could not quite repress a groan as the ogre took the second sheet of the story and crumpled it between thumb and forefinger. What happened to the third sheet I never saw. All that was left of my story went upstairs where, after an elaborate process which need not be discussed here, it was printed in the paper.

I did not find it on the first page with the earthquakes, the better divorces, and the bigger murders. It was near the bottom of page 17 that my item and I at last made reunion. I was somewhat reconciled to the copy reader, for he had put upon it the snappy one-line head: "Nat. History Museum Deplores Deficit."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Myth of Disarmament

By ALBIN E. JOHNSON

Geneva, February 6

AFTER a year of inactivity the phantom of disarmament is again appearing. Defunct since the ill-fated Geneva Tripartite Naval Limitation Conference dealt a body-blow to naval-reduction hopes, a series of events brought it to the fore until as a result the last League Council at Lugano decided it was politically expedient to revive the question once more. The next scene in the drama will be in Geneva on April 15, provided unforeseen upsets do not occur during the March Council meeting.

Just as the events leading up to the Council's decision at Lugano were many, so were the causes motivating it. Every member of the Council—that is, every member who counts in the final analysis—had a special reason for wanting to raise anew the standard under which swords (surplus and obsolete ones) were to be transformed into plowshares. Yet there were some—perhaps one or two—who were honest enough to admit—not very loudly—that further pourparlers at Geneva, between admirals, generals, and what-nots, were at the moment valueless and calculated only to jolly the public into believing that something was really being accomplished.

Theoretically the Preparatory Disarmament Commission when it assembles will "proceed with the second reading of the draft convention" which it is charged with preparing for the consideration of the eventual plenary conference on international disarmament. Constructively that is about all it will do—proceed—and at the end of the second reading, unless a miracle happens, it will be just where it was at the end of the first reading: in disagreement on the vital points at issue—trained reserves, submarines, light cruisers, and national security.

Germany's suggestion to forget all past negotiations and throw the problem into the lap of a plenary conference, where delegates really have the power to compromise and where governments which have sent them cannot escape assuming responsibility for their policies, never has got beyond the resolution stage; the Russian proposition that all war material be scrapped forthwith, and Moscow's substitute proposal that armaments be reduced by half, progressively over a five-year period, likewise lies in a mildewed pigeonhole, and the Washington delegation, to which the Bolsheviks said "We have a right to look to you for support in view of your government's traditional policies," leads the brigade of ridicule and scorn in charging Soviet insincerity. Only the Germans had the courage openly to support the Russian schemes.

At the end of the year only the Germans also were clamoring for resumption of discussions on disarmament. Washington wanted to wait until 1931. France was indifferent and Britain was openly hostile. Berlin, it is true, has never discarded disarmament as a political argument—to be used in discussions of reparations, Rhineland occupation, and other issues. But Germany in view of her own armaments expenditures apparently is more desirous to obtain the right herself to rearm than she is to force disarmament upon her ex-enemies. Today Germany is spending more per man on her little army than is any other country in Europe, and her armaments budgets have mounted faster, in proportion, than those of any of the big Powers. Bluntly put, Germany's disarmament propaganda is largely buncombe—and the Germans themselves admit it. Repeated demands by the semi-Socialist Government that the Versailles Treaty and League Covenant be respected go well with the Socialist voters, but do not affect the fundamental fact.

As for England, the about-face of Sir Austen Chamberlain in approving an early meeting of the Preparatory Commission needs no explanation, unless it is to point out that

1. A general election is just ahead and the Opposition has made both economic retrenchment and curtailment of armaments expenditures issues in the campaign.

2. The United States is driving rapidly ahead on its big-navy program and the British Admiralty has always considered that prevention of the construction by a potential enemy of a war vessel in peace time is equivalent to the sinking of that vessel in war time.

3. The collapse of Mr. Coolidge's Geneva Conference and the unfortunate trend of the Anglo-French naval compromise has left a political situation that must be remedied.

As for the French position one need only point out that consenting to the demand of Germany for immediate continuation of disarmament discussions is a "cheap concession." France yields on an issue which costs Briand absolutely nothing, but means a considerable political gain for Herr Stresemann. Chamberlain too is always willing to throw crumbs to his colleague from the Wilhelmstrasse. Then again the French have no intention of letting disarmament get out of their hands—or the hands of the League. Traditionally militarism means more to France than to almost any other country. The French still cling to force as their greatest guaranty of security. The Quai d'Orsay and the General Staff have never shown any disposition to let disarmament, as a movement, get beyond control. One of the reasons why France refused to participate in the Coolidge Naval Conference was that she had no desire to be placed in a position as awkward as that which faced her at Washington, where she was decisively outvoted and outmaneuvered diplomatically. So long as disarmament is the exclusive province of the League and is negotiated at Geneva, France, with her mid-European and Balkan allies and her diplomatic inducements and bartering, can always rely upon a small majority in the commissions—or at least on an even break. Or, if worst came to worst the French know that public opinion will never inflict itself upon a strong minority in sufficient force to overrule its objections.

Then there is the Anglo-French naval compromise. After its collapse—and there are those who say that France counted on that very collapse—it was a bit disconcerting for Paris to watch the drift toward an Anglo-American naval rapprochement. That France could never tolerate. Of lesser importance, yet worth considering, was the "cheap concession," France's *beau geste* to Stresemann, which was also a

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sop to the German Reichstag. And at Lugano Stresemann was thankful enough for that.

So the situation stands. The League's commission—of generals, admirals, air marshals, and a few statesmen—will assemble shortly. Ambassador Hugh Gibson, Washington's spokesman, has been called home for new instructions. Whether these will differ from the instructions of the past one can only guess. Since the Preparatory Commission last met the Pact of Paris has been approved by a half-score of governments. The Russian border states have signed their own peace pact and a few arbitration treaties have been negotiated. Outwardly at least, "security," which so many countries have demanded as a prerequisite to disarmament or limitation of armaments, has come perceptibly nearer.

On the other hand:

The United States has authorized the construction of fifteen cruisers while the 1928-1929 military expenditures, as estimated by President Coolidge, are to be $658,000,000 as against $628,000,000 a year ago.

France—not considering her naval program—is spending 2,200,000,000 gold francs this year for defense. Last year she spent 1,929,000,000 gold francs as against 1,580,000,000 the year previous.

Italy—confessed believer in force—has allotted 1,324,000,000 gold lire for armaments in 1929 and spent more than 1,127,000,000 gold lire last year and 976,000,000 the year before.

Russia—who would scrap all military equipment—manages to raise 900,000,000 gold rubles for defense in 1928-1929 and spent 813,300,000 last year and 692,500,000 in 1926-1927.

And Germany! Disarmed by the peace treaties and with an army strictly limited numerically she has almost doubled her financial expenditures since 1924. On the force for which she spent 465,750,000 gold marks in 1924-1925 she spent 717,154,000 gold marks in 1927-1928

The neutrals: Switzerland which spent $7,700,000 in 1909, had more than doubled her expenditures by 1926. Sweden, after a century of peace, spent $42,900,000 in 1925-1926 against $24,100,000 in 1914. Spain spent $50,000,000 in 1913 and now is expending nearly $150,000,000 annually.

Great Britain—leaving out the Dominions—appropriated more than £120,695,000 for military purposes in 1928-1929 as against £122,818,000 the previous year, or an actual decrease of 1.8 per cent—the only one of the great Powers to make a reduction.

Summing it up (leaving Germany out of consideration, since comparison of her pre-war military expenditures with her present figures would be unfair) the big nations of the world—France, Great Britain, the United States, Italy, Japan, and Russia—five years before the World War spent 8,011,000,000 gold francs yearly preparing for war. On the eve of the world conflict they spent (1913) 10,160,000,000 gold francs. Eight years after the armistice their expenditures surpassed 10,787,000,000 gold francs. The estimates for 1928-1929 (and estimates are always less than actual expenditures because of supplementary items) show these six nations preparing to spend the colossal figure of 13,205,000,000 gold francs!

A "Lucky" or a Sweet—or Both!

By ROBERT WALLACE

FAR away on the plains of Kansas lives one of our American Champions. Quietly, without thought of glory or reward, this man has spent years in perfecting his art. Once only, on the occasion of an interstate competition, the shadow of fame fell upon his doorstep, and his name was blazoned in the public prints. "The Champion Hog-caller of Seven States" flared the headlines. Shortly afterward a newspaper correspondent came to the little clapboarded homestead where he still lives, and started to question him concerning the secret of his art. What were the words and syllables of his call? What were his methods? How had he developed his Technique?

The Champion expectorated impatiently. "The words don't matter, friend. It's feeling that counts. The great thing is feeling. You got to put passion into it. You got to make that hog believe you got something that hog wants."

Let us turn to other fields of typical American achievement. I present George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company. A man of action, Mr. Hill. Small in stature, dapper, and alert—so an article in *Printer's Ink* describes him. Mr. Hill's achievement may be briefly stated. By a single stroke of applied psychology he has increased the sale of Lucky Strike cigarettes enormously. Single-handed, aided only by an advertising appropriation of over twelve millions of dollars, this man has put many thousands of dollars into the pockets of the indigent widows and orphans who hold stock in the American Tobacco Company.

Like all intuitions of genius, Mr. Hill's formula is simple. It consists of a slogan: "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"—a slogan fortified by the unsought tributes of literally scores of distinguished opera singers, vaudevillians, athletes, and military leaders, who with one voice testify that Lucky Strikes do not irritate the throat; that they keep the figure trim and the health sound.

The campaign started early last fall. Almost immediately it encountered obstacles. In particular, the candy manufacturers displayed a singular obtuseness to the fine human intent behind this enterprise in popular education; an intent which should have been obvious from even a casual reading of the advertisements, one of which deserves quotation in full.

"When a sweet tempts me, I light a Lucky Strike," says Rosalie Adele Nelson, the original Lucky Poster Girl. "I'm a 'Lucky Girl' because I've found a new way to keep my figure trim. Whenever the desire for a sweet tempts me, I light up a Lucky Strike. It's remarkable how nicely the toasted flavor of Luckies satisfied me. Toasting has taken out all the impurities—all that is left is the thrilling Lucky aroma. I certainly am lucky to be 'The Lucky Girl.' "

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The advertisement continues with a straightforward appeal to common sense:

> The modern common-sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Thousands are doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure.
>
> Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for the craving for heavy, rich desserts.
>
> Toasting frees Lucky Strikes from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. Athletes, who must keep fit, testify that Luckies do not harm their wind or physical condition. That's why Luckies have always been the favorite of those men who want to keep in tip-top shape and realize the danger of overweight. That's why folks say: "It's good for everyone to smoke Luckies."
>
> Fattening sweets? No! Heavy, rich desserts? No! Eating between meals? No! Say "No" and light a Lucky instead.

The intent, of course, was to save American womanhood from obesity by encouraging the increasing feminine addiction to cigarettes. One would have thought that the confectionery manufacturers would have cooperated in such a crusade, accepting cheerfully such pecuniary sacrifices as it entailed.

It seems, however, that Mr. Hill's public-spirited enterprise was widely misunderstood. On the cover of *Candy Weekly* for November 5, 1928, one finds a cartoon in which a helmeted hero labeled "Candy Industry" does battle with a sword labeled "Candy Weekly" against a somewhat humorously drawn dragon labeled "Lucky Strike Campaign." Inside one finds a blaze of protest against what the candy-makers were sordid enough to consider a raid upon their business.

"A thief in the night" shouts the editor at the top of an editorial which states flatly that *"Candy Weekly,* as the mouthpiece of the industry, is fighting the campaign tooth and nail. We are marshaling together the big guns of the industry and steps are being taken to protect its interests."

Steps were taken. Protests were sent to the Federal Trade Commission, to the Radio Commission (Lucky Strike has gone on the air with the same campaign), to the Better Business Bureau of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, and, of course, to Mr. Hill himself. Neither the Federal Trade Commission nor the Radio Commission did anything. The Better Business Bureau replied to *Candy Weekly's* letter agreeing mildly that the candy-makers had a grievance. Mr. Hill stood pat, pleasantly but firmly. He even suggested that in the current cooperative advertising campaign of the Confectioner's Association the candy-makers themselves were attempting slyly to steal a little business from the pastry-makers.

Soon, however, the candy-makers found fresh allies. P. Lorillard & Company, makers of Old Gold cigarettes, came out with a campaign in which they urged men and women to "Eat a chocolate, light a cigarette—and enjoy both! Two fine and healthful treats." This effort was widely commended by the candy-makers. It was constructive, it was manly, it was American—it was everything the Lucky Strike campaign was not. But the Lucky Strike campaign continued. And the candy-makers were determined to fight. The terrain was difficult, however, and some of the candy allies had reservations. Unfortunately, both candy and cigarettes are distributed by the same jobbers and sold to a very large extent through the same retail outlets. Hence the protests of these distributors, wholesale and retail, lacked both the unanimity and the earnestness which *Candy Weekly* continued to demand and exemplify. The sugar, chocolate and cocoa, dairy products, bakery goods, dried fruit, preserves, biscuits and cracker industries all joined up, however, and there seemed excellent prospect of a good war, as a by-product of which the circulation of *Candy Weekly* might be expected to benefit measurably.

Both sides marshaled experts. By way of explaining the scientific basis of his attempt to educate the American Girl, Mr. Hill thoughtfully mailed to an indignant candy-maker a copy of "Eat, drink, and be healthy" by Clarence W. Lieb, M.A., M.D. The candy men countered with Farmer's Bulletin No. 1313, by Carolyn Hunt, a noted specialist in home economics in the United States Department of Agriculture; also with the evidence of Dr. Herman Bundenson, author of a scientific, modern booklet entitled "The Knowledge of Candy"; also with various other authorities.

Meanwhile the advertising press viewed proceedings with jovial detachment. It was a war, it was news, it was business—good business, perhaps, since the candy-makers were attempting to raise a fund for a counter-enterprise in education, proving the value of candy-eating as a means to feminine pulchritude.

That was all, until—Christmas came, the season of peace and good-will. With it came a denouement perhaps not altogether unexpected by the advertising fraternity. This is an American drama. It is entirely proper and to be expected therefore that it should have a happy ending. At this writing, the sun has broken through the clouds, and it seems entirely probable that the bombshell which Mr. Hill hurled among the bon-bons may turn out to be a bouquet in disguise.

Mr. Hill is speaking to a writer for *Printers' Ink:* "Our campaign is selling more Lucky Strike cigarettes in proportion to the money we are spending upon it than it was before we injected the slogan 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' The increase is not confined to metropolitan New York, but extends into the interior. Montgomery, Alabama, for instance, reported 813,000 Lucky Strikes sold in November, 1928, for 309,000 sold in November, 1927. You can figure out for yourself whether we will abandon this campaign!"

But this is not all. Mr. Hill, because of the excited protests of the confectioners, has been looking up the statistics of candy sales in the country as a whole, as compared to the Eastern States district—the territory affected by the campaign: "For the month of October, during which our campaign appeared, the figures are really startling. The territory over the Eastern States showed an increase in candy consumption of 7.6 per cent, or almost twice as much as the increased consumption shown by the country at large."

In other words, although George Washington Hill may not have a heart, the American Girl has; also an omnivorous and highly suggestible appetite. In response to Mr. Hill's exhortation to "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet," she has reached for both.

It is possible to question Mr. Hill's figures, and the candy-makers have done so. They are not reconciled. Yet the phenomenon is familiar enough. Inter-industrial com-

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petition for the contents of the consumer's pocketbook is now almost as aggressive as the competition within industries. And the result of such competition in the advertising pages of the newspapers and magazines is frequently to stimulate the business of both the industry advertised and the industries with which it competes. Advertising is advertising. It pays.

The writer in *Printer's Ink* concludes his article with a sentence of sage advice, directed presumably at the candy men. "Think it over," he counsels. I've thought it over. I've thought and thought until I can think of nothing except an anecdote, probably apochryphal, which is related of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. It was the habit of the good Caliph to wander the streets of Bagdad in disguise, observe the manners and customs of his subjects, and muse upon the problems of government. Coming one day to a bazaar where the sellers of rugs displayed their wares, he stood amazed and overwhelmed by the noise and gesticulations of the bargainers. One merchant in particular bellowed unceasingly and even reached forth a skinny arm to clutch imploringly at the garments and beards of passersby.

A frown gathered upon the mild brow of the Commander of the Faithful. Turning to his faithful slave, he said: "Sew me this fellow in a sack and drop him in the Bosporus. He bawls too loud."

P. S. Later developments have convinced the writer that the point of view of this article is all wrong. Surely, in matters of taste, we should accept the guidance of our British cousins. But look what our British cousins are doing! Today you may read in the most respectable English publications advertisements which repeat in almost identical terms the argument of the Lucky Strike campaign. A typical illustration shows Jenkyn, the butler, adjuring his master, who is unmistakably a British lord, to say "No!" when he feels like nibbling a cream puff, and to smoke a "Kensitas" instead. Candy is not mentioned, but the implication is clear, and it looks to me as though the candy-makers were completely done for. I don't see how they can manage to get around Jenkyn.

John Morley and the War

By RAYMOND BEAZLEY

LORD MORLEY of Blackburn, the honest John Morley of old, we now discover, left a memorandum among his papers, telling the story of his resignation from the Asquith Government at the outbreak of the World War. This has just been published by his nephew and literary executor, Guy Morley. Short as it is, the memorandum is indeed weighty and illuminating. Would that it had appeared long ago, the truth-seeker may well cry. But once the die was cast, we are told Lord Morley felt that no advantage could be gained from public utterances [*sic*]. He was therefore content to write down for posterity the principles, opinions, and impressions on which he acted. Even later, though he repeatedly discussed with his nephew the question of speaking out at last, he always postponed the matter, chiefly because vital energies were ebbing and he did not feel equal to controversy with old friends. Lord Morley closes this memorandum with a proud word which jars oddly against this unheroic self-effacement. "I looked to my brief future with steady self-control, meaning to imitate Michelangelo's figure of the Pensigroso in my library—with a firm mind pondering stern things."

Yet while he pondered, what happened? While he kept silence, what was said and done?

Many points are contained in this pamphlet, for in size it is no more than a pamphlet. But I must be content with a few. For one, Sir Edward Grey appears in these pages very clearly, as he must long have revealed himself to any careful student of that epoch—no friend of peace, but obsessed with an overpowering anti-Germanism. Scarce any Russophobe of an earlier time could have been more bitter. We know now something of the dangers and difficulties of the German position at that crisis. We know how natural it was for the men at Berlin or Munich or Hamburg to feel that a world of enemies was closing in upon them; that they were driven to their last ditch; and that any further diplomatic defeat and retreat could not bring peace, but a sword. Was not the program of their foes disclosed—"Avilir, puis demolir"? Nothing of this seems present for a moment to the mind of Sir Edward. As early as "about July 24" the Foreign Minister tells the British Cabinet, in effect, that a general European war was upon them; and that, even if England declined to join, France and Russia were going to fight Germany and Austria. Even so Sir George Buchanan telegraphs on this very July 24 from St. Petersburg: "The French Ambassador gave me to understand that France would fulfil all the obligations entailed by her alliance with Russia. It seems to me from the language held by the French Ambassador that, even if we decline to join them, France and Russia are determined to make a strong stand." Surely we could not expect less from Monsieur Raymond Poincaré? (Monsieur Sazonov, by the way, told us exactly the same in 1916.)

Grey concluded, therefore, that Britain must make up its mind, and he suggested that he himself would be no party to neutrality. Thus he put before his colleagues the alternative: You stand by the Entente, even to the arbitrament of a German war, or I resign. "If the Cabinet was for neutrality," he did not think he was the man to carry out such a policy. As to the Prime Minister, nothing would induce him to separate from Grey. About the same time, furthermore ("one of these days," says Morley) Grey suddenly let fall his view even more clearly, in the pregnant words: "That German policy was that of a great European aggressor, as bad as Napoleon." "I have no German partialities," observed the writer of the memorandum, "but you do not give us evidence." And, indeed, real evidence would have been hard to give.

The Colonial Secretary, Lewis Harcourt, going to the root of the matter for a moment, clearly saw that in the view of Sir Edward Grey, Britain had both moral obliga-

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tions of honor and substantial obligations of policy in taking sides with France. And as late as August 3, the same Mr. Harcourt was able to assure Lord Morley that he believed he could count on ten or eleven men in the Government against this view of the Foreign Minister. Sir Edward still professed to stand by his earlier language in the Cambon letter of 1912, and to think that Britain was perfectly free to decide whether she would, or would not, assist France by armed force. But his real position was becoming clear. Britain was to be absolutely free to keep Germany at arm's length, absolutely free to clasp France to the heart of British Alliance. A stony-face, a cold, suspicious, repellent bow for Berlin—but for Paris a welcoming smile and a cheering pressure of the hand.

When, on the same August 3, Grey told the Cabinet of Germany's offer, in case of British neutrality, not to attack the north coast of France, adding his reply that this was far too narrow an engagement for us, Morley remarks with much force, Why? If the engagement was too narrow, could it not be taken as a basis for widening and furthering better relations? The Grey policy was now "pure precipitation." No word had yet been said in the Cabinet, adds the president of the Council, about a British Expeditionary Force for the continental war. But he had been for several years too virtuous an attendant at the Committee of Imperial Defense not to know that this was a settled aim in the minds of many, if not most, of its members.

Yet, while so far realizing the situation, Lord Morley seems to have acquiesced in the next step of the Grey policy, so justly emphasized by Sir Edward himself, so well signalized by Earl Loreburn and John Burns as a definite approach to war. After a very fair discussion, proceeds the memorandum—*very fair* is a strange and pathetic phrase—it was decided to inform the French Ambassador that if the German fleet were to come through the North Sea or into the Channel to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet would give to France all the protection in its power. Morley indeed records how Burns, with remarkable energy, force, and grasp, protested that this was equivalent to a declaration of war against Germany. But the elder statesman failed to seize the opportunity. Burns offered resignation rather than concur. Yet Morley told him he was mistaken, though he added how certain he himself felt of ultimately sharing this protest and this withdrawal—on the general policy of armed intervention. For Lord Morley felt, and said, at this very time, that toward armed intervention Grey had steadily been drawing the Cabinet on, step by step. ("By what twists and turns," says Loreburn, "were we brought blindfold to the edge of the precipice, until—the bandages removed—we were confronted by the awful visage of war.") Morley felt deeply how the wooden *non possum* of the British Foreign Secretary in all his communications with the German Government helped to ruin the chances of peace. Why always this cold unfriendly attitude toward Germany, while doing so much to encourage France and Russia? Why not take advantage of the occasion for more negotiation? Thus Morley, again and again. Even as to the Belgian question he would fain have avoided making it a *casus belli*. He would have protested "with direct energy," and pushed on "with diplomatizing," as Britain did in 1870-1871 in the thorny matter of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris. What was it that now prevented this moderate course, Morley well asks. "Why our supposed entanglements with France?" Admirably does this man of great experience show us how the precipitate and peremptory blaze about Belgium was due less to indignation at the violation of a treaty than to recognition of the plea it would furnish for help to France, "for expeditionary force, and all the rest of it." Belgium was to take the place of Morocco as a cause for war.

The significance of the French Entente, Morley adds later, with much force, had been rather disingenuously played both before the Cabinet and before Parliament. An entente was evidently even more dangerous than an alliance. An alliance had definite covenants. An entente vaguely rested on points of honor, to be construed by accident or convenience. (Exactly the same distinction is recognized by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in 1898, in pleading for an Anglo-German understanding.) Asquith and Grey had both assured the House of Commons and the country that Britain had no secret political engagements. Yet here Britain was confronted by engagements that were vast indeed, indefinite, and undefinable. The same two ministers, in reply to anxious protests (from Harcourt, from Morley himself, and from others), had deliberately and frequently minimized the significance of the systematic conferences perpetually going on between French and British military and naval experts. The famous Grey-Cambon letters of November, 1912, had been extorted from Grey (the memorandum tells us) by uneasy and watchful men of peace—what a thin and deceptive protection they were now proving. Morley's memory went back to a conversation, recorded in some British Government paper, between Grey and Lichnovsky, which glowed with a fine fervor over the blessed improvement in Anglo-German relations during the last three or four years. Why, he asks with some reason, was not this great new fact, instead of the Entente, made the center, the pivot, the starting-point of negotiations? The old Gladstonian was fully aware of the precipitancy of it all. What grounds were there for expecting that the waste and havoc of war would be repaid by peace on better terms than were already within reach of reason and patience? When Britain counted her gains, what were they, when reckoned against the ferocious hatred that would burn with inextinguishable fire, for a generation at least, between two great communities better fitted to understand one another than any other pair of states in Europe? And was not this moral devastation the worst result of war?

From these convictions, not merely abstract or general, but supported (as he claims) by full and accurate knowledge of the particular situation, Lord Morley resigned. He, at least, like Burns, dared not shrink from such a testimony to his convictions. But he rightly suspected that the fervid tone of his Cabinet sympathizers might not last. The ten or eleven brave men on whom Harcourt had counted against the Grey policy, including Harcourt himself, melted away. There was no standard-bearer.

"Nil desperandum Teucro duce"—but there was no Teucer. Burns came nearest to it, but he was no match for the demonic energy of Winston Churchill, and the subtle resources of Asquith and of Grey.

The position of Mr. Lloyd George in these hours of the crisis, as sketched in the memorandum, is sufficiently curious.

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His motives (to Lord Morley) were a riddle. He knew that his stock had sunk very low. He knew that peace might be the popular card against the adventurous energy of Churchill, or against the cold craftiness of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. And he knew that war would make mincemeat of the land question. Yet on the other hand might not the repentant Pacifist, the converted Radical, rise higher than ever as a war-lord?

In Morley's view, the Liberal Party was already shattered, and could not win the approaching election, mainly owing to Lloyd George himself. He was on the eve, his colleague believed, of the great mistake of his life. But to that mistake John Morley was resolved to be no party.

On August 3, 1914, Mr. George's line was clear. "My impression," proceeds the memorandum, "was that he had begun the day with one of his customary morning talks with the splendid condottiere at the Admiralty—that he had then revised his calculations—that he had determined to swing round, as in 1911, to the policy of adventure, of defiance, and of war—and that he had found in the German Ultimatum to Belgium a sufficient excuse." "Yet," continues Morley with a singular lack of prescience, "if there is a war, Winston will beat Lloyd George hollow."

Popular movements, group movements, are not in themselves sufficient. True leaders are always needed to make them effective. There is surely profound truth in these last written words of the prince of modern historians. Had there been a Gladstone in 1914 in the British Cabinet, or even outside it, war might have been averted, or at least a war involving British participation. The deliverance of 1864, of 1870-1871, of 1877-1878, of 1884-1885 might have been repeated in a yet more terrible crisis. But, fourteen years ago, one looked in vain for a standard-bearer. And so, although the Prime Minister had to lay before the Cabinet, on August 3, the momentary resignation of four of its members, although he had to confess that many others in the Cabinet, perhaps a majority, shared these views, and although he even admitted that a majority of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons was said to lean pretty strongly in the same direction, the opposition petered out in a few hours with astonishing feebleness. Late that evening, John Burns tells John Morley that they were "the only two." Simon had been won over by the Prime Minister with some stipulations that very afternoon, and after him Beauchamp. In the House of Lords that day, after lunchtime, Morley found everyone talking of Grey's convincing exposition of his policy in the Commons a few minutes earlier—when Morley should have been present and should have spoken, with inevitably great, perhaps decisive effect. But as Morley and Burns kept silence, the power of the Premier and of the Government machinery, the natural cohesion of office, the vast force of imperialist opinion, the dread of any shadow of unpatriotic impartiality, the masterly distortion of the true position by skilled Parliamentary hands, proved too much for group opposition in the Cabinet, for party opposition in the Commons, or for popular opposition in the country. Thus into a Council of War, almost bodily, was the Cabinet of Campbell-Bannerman transformed. Thus where there was so much loyalty to colleagues, so little loyalty to conviction—so much desire for a united front, so little desire for a front united against the ferocities, the slanders, the envy and malice, of national obsessions.

Written from the inner sanctuary of government, as Earl Loreburn remarks to Morley on November 1, 1917, this Memorandum on Resignation leaves an indelible proof of the central fact that British obligations to France under the Entente were the chief cause of Britain's entry into the war. But for this the case of Belgium might have been dealt with and Belgium made secure without war. Again it shows how Morley, like so many others, like Loreburn himself, had long been misled as to the true relations of Britain and France and as to Grey's inward conception of them. And further it has a practical value for the future. For it shows how secret diplomacy leads to misconception of the true position, when the deceivers have to determine on action. The knowledge of their past deceptions makes them irresolute and blunt in their perceptions. They are preoccupied, not only by the impending danger, but also by the need of reconciling their previous concealments and misrepresentations with their present action.

So Loreburn sketched the position of 1914 at the close of 1917. And at a moment when so strong a movement in favor of peace was developing, even in Britain, and when Lord Lansdowne was making his memorable appeal to end the war, the ex-Chancellor evidently thought that Morley might well cooperate, come into the open, and publish his memorandum. "I think this document is due to you and Burns." But Gladstone's disciple, lieutenant, and biographer was no longer moved by Gladstone's spirit. And thus, through lack of courage, like the poor timid Pope in Dante, he made the great refusal.

Tumbling Mustard

By MALCOLM COWLEY

Born in a fence-corner,
raised in a coulee,
wedded in Nebraska,
parted on the Sound:
They call me Tumbling Mustard, "Hey, Tumbling Mustard, what's your business, listen Buddy, where are you bound?"

Monday in Omaha,
Tuesday in Dakota,
one day in Memphis,
three in Allentown:
Mud roads and stony roads, concrete and macadam, she would never leave me if I would settle down.

Columbine and larkspur,
peony and dahlia,
cornflower, mayflower,
each has its place:
I am the tumble-weed that rolls across the prairies, winds at the back of it, mountains in its face.

Tumble-weed, tumble-weed,
riding his velocipede
east side, west side,
all around the moon:
Denver, San Francisco, Winnipeg, and Dallas, maybe if the gas holds out we'll get there soon.

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What a Woman Farmer Thinks

By WINIFRED ALMINA PERRY

FOR seventeen years my home had been in the resident district surrounding the University of Illinois. At this university I had enjoyed courses in English, French, German, and Italian. There during five years I had taught English Composition to freshmen. In that region I had listened to friends and neighbors talk of "research" and "production." I had read with bewilderment publications of hitherto undiscovered truth unearthed by their "independent investigations" and spoken of in university circles as "valuable contributions to the learning of the world." In that region, too, I had listened to much talk of "service."

Perplexed and bruised, I would come back from adventures among exponents of "research" or "service" to the home of my parents, a retired farmer and his wife. They said nothing of the importance of independent investigations for truth. They never used the word "service." They ran their house and their garden efficiently, unostentatiously, and happily. They met their obligations promptly. They asked for no favors, and they accepted none. They sensed falsehood unerringly and distastefully. They attended meetings of the Grand Army of the Republic, for my father had been a soldier for four years during the Civil War. They carried flowers and vegetables as gifts to their neighbors.

Seven years ago, when my father, following my mother, slipped away beyond earthly reach, I felt that all sanity had disappeared from the world.

A year later the farm from which my parents had moved at the time I was ready to enter college was put up for sale at auction. A brother-in-law who had been born and reared on an Illinois farm, and who had just sold out his interest in a firm exporting coal from New York City, bought it.

"If you care to retain your interest in the farm and throw your efforts in with your sister's and mine, we'll be glad to have you as a partner," he told me.

He was fifty, alert, quick, and very active. My sister was the most competent woman I knew. Whatever the two of them together attempted, I felt sure they could put through.

"I should like to work very hard for five years and increase my inheritance," I replied. "By that time I shall probably be ready to write for publication what I consider to be truth."

We plunged into farm work with strength and enthusiasm. My sister and I fitted her furniture into our new home; gardened and landscaped with zeal; set out an orchard and a vineyard; bought two Jersey cows, a thousand baby chicks, five geese, and two settings of duck eggs; and attempted with considerable lack of success to get house work done at good wages by girls of the neighborhood who were, as a general rule, too slatternly, too stupid, or too proud to work. My brother-in-law bought live stock and International Harvester machinery; supervised building and repairing; superintended planting; oiled, cranked, and drove tractors; and struggled with the interminable problem of farm labor, often not to be had at any price. In spite of the unsatisfactory labor available to us, we continued in this activity with enthusiasm for four years.

Nor was our ardor at first dampened by the "service" of the Department of Agriculture, which we began to experience early in our career as farmers.

My senior partner was one day called to the telephone by a man who said he was the State veterinarian, and who ordered him to have his cattle up and tied in the barn the next morning so that the tuberculin test for tuberculosis might be administered. My partner demurred at taking orders from an unknown and undesired veterinarian, only to be told that he was defying the law and would be sent to jail by the State's attorney. By inquiry we learned that the State Legislature had passed a law for the compulsory testing of all cattle of any given county after 75 per cent of the herd owners of that county had had their cattle tested through "voluntary choice." At this time the tax-supported veterinarian of the Department of Agriculture, encouraged by the tax-supported farm adviser of the Department of Agriculture, was going about among the overworked, tax-ridden farmers, lying to them about the law, threatening them with litigation, and coercing them into a "voluntary choice."

Prior to the veterinarian's telephone call we had had an experience with tuberculin-tested cattle. We had run in a car load of steers from the Chicago Stock Yards to fatten and resell. They arrived with inflamed and watery eyes. They stood in a hunched-up attitude. When we consulted our commission firm's bill, we found we had been charged for the administering of the ophthalmic test with tuberculin at the Yards. Our steers had been certified as tuberculosis-free. They were on our place for three months, with plenty of grass, grain, salt, and water before them. They refused to eat. Their eyes continued to water. They continued to stand in a hunched-up attitude. They had not put on weight when we seized the opportunity to sell them and get them off the place.

After four years of farm ownership, my brother-in-law, who had been forced into work of a type to which he had long been unaccustomed, went to Rochester, Minnesota, for an operation.

"George is in the hospital," I remarked to my sister. "You and I are exhausted. We all look like exactly what we have been for four years, peasant drudges. Who is getting anything out of this farm? The International Harvester Company; the dregs of labor unable to hold down jobs in manufacturing industries; and government employees who threaten to send us to jail, and who would be glad to do so."

"I think myself it would be cheaper to sow the farm to sweet clover, discharge the help, shut the place up, and all take jobs by which we could support ourselves and perhaps pay the taxes," my sister replied.

The University of Wisconsin had an unusually heavy enrolment that fall, and after the semester had opened, it

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needed more English teachers than had been employed. I arrived in Madison the last day of September, an assistant in English employed for one semester. After I had fulfilled my duties to my students, I was happy to withdraw to my shabby retreat in a rooming-house and to seize occasional free minutes in which to recreate in the lovely medium of language impressions gained from a new environment. Yet, when the impulse came to me to abandon myself to a life that afforded such golden minutes, I felt the hard hands of the tillers of the soil holding me back, and I heard the rough voices of thousands of drudging taxpayers claiming me as their own.

I went home for the Christmas holidays. My sister's face had lost its color. My brother-in-law's hair was streaked with gray.

"Does your work at Madison satisfy you?" my sister asked.

"Only ten of the eighty students enrolled in my sections are of the mental make-up to profit by university courses," I confessed. "After twelve years of training in our public schools, less than half of them can spell the most commonly used words in their own language or write grammatically correct simple sentences. It doesn't satisfy me to be a party to the fraud of taking money from taxpayers under the pretense of doing for young people enrolled in our State universities what in 75 per cent of the cases can't be done."

In February I returned to the farm.

I began to study the movements by which I, a farmer, a taxpayer, a producer, and a consumer, was being exploited.

Statistics of the Department of Agriculture are gathered in as haphazard a fashion and are as misleading as are statistics of other bureaus. Yet our Secretary of Agriculture uses these figures as a basis upon which to prognosticate markets. He predicted that the price of hogs would decline and would remain low for a year or eighteen months. Newspapers and radio broadcast this prophecy. As a result, hogs poorly prepared for slaughter were rushed to packing plants, and prices to producers declined five cents per hundredweight in two weeks. Six months later prices had recovered, but our Secretary's "service" in this matter had cost our farm two thousand dollars.

As I studied, the veterinarian of the Department of Agriculture came back into our lives. The supervisors of our county had accepted his work of coercing 75 per cent of the herd owners of the county into a "voluntary choice" to have their herds tested for tuberculosis. If we were to own cattle, we must now submit ourselves and our cattle to the commands and abuse of this government employee. We sold the herd of Jerseys we had been six years building up, at about a thousand dollars less than it was worth. We had studied the question of tuberculosis and tuberculin as a diagnostic agent for determining tuberculosis enough to know that at best it is a highly controversial subject. Medical men are agreed that between 85 and 95 per cent of adult human beings are infected with tuberculosis. That means that between 85 and 95 per cent would react to the tuberculin test just as do the 2 to 4 per cent of the cattle which farmers are forced to send to the slaughter-house. Medical men are also agreed that human beings in the most advanced stages of tuberculosis do not react to the tuberculin test. Neither do cattle. Therefore, after a herd has been "cleaned up" by as competent and as conscientious a veterinarian as there is, the herd has left in it among those considered tuberculosis-free 10 per cent that are in such advanced stages of the disease that they fail to react to the test. Considerations such as these made us unwilling to subject our cows to the tender mercies of a "test," and they led us also to suspect that the law compelling all owners of dairy and breeding cattle to have their herds tested and the reactors sent to the slaughter-house was not passed entirely for the purpose of protecting the health of human beings. Neither was it passed only to protect the herds of farmers. Therefore it was with interest that we read the newspaper statement that Secretary of Agriculture Jardine credited the increase in cattle prices "to the smaller supply, which is the direct result of drastic reductions in herds, and forcing out of business of many producers during the last six years."

As I studied, there kept coming to us disquieting oral reports of the humiliations and hardships inflicted upon farmers of Ohio through efforts of the federal and State Departments of Agriculture to eradicate corn borers. Our newspapers were full of information about the alertness with which our Illinois Department of Agriculture was watching for the advent of the borer so as to protect farmers of my State. With some difficulty we obtained Congressional reports of what was said by a group of Ohio farmers before the Congressional Committee on Agriculture as they appealed to this committee not to submit to Congress a bill for a second appropriation of $10,000,000 to be used in protecting farmers from corn borers.

I began writing articles for Illinois newspapers about the eradication of bovine tuberculosis and the eradication of corn borers as farmers saw these movements. Most of my articles were refused; "for lack of space," the editors said. Their pages were filled with articles with such headings as: "Weeds One of Two Worst Foes of Growing Crops, Says L. H. Strubinger of the Department of Horticulture, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois"; "Farm Adviser Pronounces Corn Crop Out of Danger from Frost"; "Farmers Urged by Department of Agriculture to Buy Western Feeders for Bumper Corn Crop"; "Rigid Quarantine Enforced by Department of Agriculture Against Importing Untested Cattle into Illinois"; "State Entomologist Flint Advises Farmers When to Sow Wheat"; "Corn Borer Is Only 125 Miles from Eastern Border of Grundy County, Says Grundy County Farm Adviser"; and "The Farmer Made $157 More in 1927 Than He Did in 1926, According to Report Just Issued by the Department of Agriculture."

I sent an article on corn-borer eradication in Ohio to *The Nation*.

"We cannot use your article on corn-borer eradication," an editor wrote me, "but I am considerably struck by your statement that you are a bona fide farmer after a preliminary experience teaching freshmen English in college. We might perhaps be able to use an article depicting your experiences as a farmer with as much insight as possible into your own feelings."

I threw the letter into the waste-basket. "It isn't insight into my feelings I want readers of *The Nation* to get," I exclaimed; "it is insight into the distinction between the interests of farmers and the interests of employees of the Department of Agriculture."

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Then one day through my mismanagement my brother-in-law was forced into some work for which he was physically unfit. He did it, expressed himself fluently as to my thoughtlessness, went upstairs, and lay down on his bed. My sister and I followed him to see if he was really ill.

"No," he answered; "I just felt abused that you should force me into catching and cooping chickens when there are two girls in our employ whom you should have had out helping Billy. Then I got to thinking about the $10,000 I have been dropping into this farm every year for six years, and I felt so abused and tired that I went to bed."

"I know," I agreed; "there is no possible way of getting a living out of $150,000 invested here. Not only do we operate the farm at a loss every year, but the actual sales value of our land grows less each year. In 1914 this land could have been sold at $300 per acre. We bought it for $210 an acre. Now land near our farm is selling for $100 to $150 per acre. Our government is gradually confiscating our property."

I felt the tears streaming down my face as I reviewed our situation. "We have a tariff that protects all industries but farming. We have a graduated income tax, which means that Big Business collects federal taxes from consumers for an exorbitant collection fee and the privilege of ruling our country. We have a Federal Trade Bureau that nullifies the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. We have an Interstate Commerce Commission that allows railroads to throttle the Middle West. We have an International Harvester Company that provides farmers of the United States with machinery at such a profit to itself that its stock sells at $300 per share even though it supplies foreign buyers with machines at one-third the home price. We have restricted immigration when farmers need more consumers and cheaper and better labor, and when idle men in Europe are hungry. We have college idealists so concerned over hungry Europe that they have helped bring about the remission of European war debts. We have a free educational system that has branched into vocational subjects and is now turning loose between producers and consumers innumerable advisers and inspectors to be supported by taxes and to protect us from one another by such restrictions that none of us can thrive. We have had since 1889 a Department of Agriculture, said to have been established for the benefit of the farmer. It destroys his markets, destroys his herds, destroys his corn, and destroys the farmer himself. Farming is at a much lower ebb now than it was before our nation was spending $155,059,968.43 per year and our State $5,677,258 per year to help us. We have newspapers and presumably freedom of speech, but our newspapers publish only propaganda for the further strengthening of government bureaus."

"Why, sister," my senior partner exclaimed, "I didn't realize that you were in such depths of despair." He had risen with the calm and cheerful expression of one who must bolster up the courage of his companions.

"We can't control the situation we find ourselves in," my sister said, "but we can learn to guard one another's strength. That is the thing we must do."

I listened to them for a while and then slipped away to hunt a letter from my waste-basket; for I had remembered that there was an editor who thought perhaps his readers might be interested in an article giving an insight into my feelings.

In the Driftway

SOMETHING was said in this column last week about beauty. Not all that the Drifter wanted to say, partly because he was too lazy to write it, but also because the *Nation* editor whom he criticized cut eighteen lines out of what he wrote. "Pressure of space" was the reason given. Pressure of pumpkins! The Drifter has his own opinion as to the reason, but anyhow he is returning to the subject this week. For beauty is a big subject and is coming back into its rightful place after a long exile by order of the Puritans.

* * * * *

NOW beauty is having a renaissance. Whatever the American public loves, it commercializes, and so the Drifter was not surprised to run across a brochure the other day by a Pittsburgh advertising man, entitled "The Commercial Value of Beauty." "Ugliness is on the way out," writes this god of our destinies. "Today beauty is the most salable commodity in the world." The advertising man insists further that "beauty is not a soft, effeminate word. It is a hard, honest, straightforward collection of sounds that the English speaker uses to designate those things which are truly attractive. It is a 'he' word, full of vigor, pregnant with practicality." Whew! In the face of that who says we are not in for an era of beautification that will make the Age of Pericles look like the approach to a Pennsylvania coal town?

* * * * *

PERSONAL beauty especially has become a cult, as attested by its extravagant commercialization. The Drifter has no exact figures, but he surmises that the number of beauty shops in this country is only exceeded by the number of beauty shoppes. Taken together and placed end to end, they should reach from Venus to Madame de Pompadour. The cult of personal beauty is chasing away some old superstitions and hypocrisies—such, for instance, as that against dyeing one's hair. If one's hair doesn't suit one's complexion or taste, why shouldn't one choose a better shade, just as one picks out a suit or a dress to go with one's face and figure? The Drifter looks forward hopefully to the day when men and women will wear pink, green, and purple hair as freely as they now put on neckties of those shades. For those who fancy it the Drifter will even accept the new preparations for giving one the appearance of tan in winter without the expense of visiting Havana or Miami Beach. He read the other morning in an advertisement:

> It is just as easy to put on a new complexion as a new gown, and quite as important since the smart fashions and colors of today are designed especially to be worn with warm sun-brown skins. J—— S—— has brought the sun into the boudoir with her new Romany tan preparations, which are easy to apply, pleasant to use, and wickedly becoming to both blondes and brunettes.

* * * * *

"WICKEDLY becoming!" That phrase takes us back to the Victorians and "Handsome is that handsome does." It is truer today—and always has been—that "Handsome is who handsomely makes up."

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

The Kaiser's Birthday

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The simple fact of the ex-Kaiser's seventieth birthday received in the American press undue attention. This anniversary of William's was certainly a very welcome feature story for newspapers in this country, but was it really essential to send a whole army of American reporters from Berlin to Doorn? The ex-ruler again played his "heroic" part. As, however, it is evidently not customary even for an ex-monarch to receive newspapermen, William II made his statements through a spokesman. The echoes of this so-called interview were stronger in this country than anywhere else. Europe in general was much less excited. Germany in particular, according to press dispatches from Berlin, was by no means disturbed about the unimportance of what William had to state or to hide. The Berlin report of the New York *Times* correspondent for January 27 therefore bears the headline: "Germans indifferent to Kaiser's birthday . . . despite an intensive campaign to popularize his seventieth birthday."

But, unfortunately, the reaction of the original birthday festivities, mingled with topical sensation, goes further. Whereas, to quote again from the New York *Times,* an editorial of this paper recommends to the former German Emperor "melancholy reflections," a number of papers and magazines in this country see things differently.

The abolition of the monarchy is a *fait accompli* in Germany. Nobody in the republican Germany cares today for unproductive thoughts from the still-maintained court of His ex-Imperial Majesty, who never has admitted the faults of his regime and the failures of his system, who never has tried to learn from his mistakes, who after his most disastrous downfall still believes in his *Gottesgnadentum,* and surrounds himself with a pomp the reality of which perished a decade ago. Clio's pen wrote the history of this decade as fast as the wheels of this new age of ours moved. It is unnecessary to wait for new statements from Wilhelm himself. The ex-Emperor's publications in this respect have shown this, especially in his latest book "My Ancestors." Emil Ludwig's biography on Wilhelm II is more convincing than anything written on the subject. But recently, friends of William or personal acquaintances of his have tried to link the demand for modification of various points of the Treaty of Versailles with the former Emperor's viewpoints. If the question of Germany's war guilt bears today a different aspect than ten years ago, it is not because of the ex-Emperor William's merit. The man whose name bears in the world the peculiar flavor of a war lord is certainly not entitled to receive serious consideration in the days of the Kellogg pact.

Today, even the most embittered foes of Wilhelm, realizing the helplessness of the exile, render to the ex-Kaiser what to the ex-Kaiser is due. But they are certainly unaware of the American discovery that "owing to William's positive achievements and self-sacrifice Germany is rising to new heights," and that "he is still one of the spiritual leaders of the German race." Such nonsense has at least the advantage of being the original discovery of an American journalist.

New York, February 19 Curt L. Heymann

Death-Bed Bulletin

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The query "What is wrong with *The Nation*" is much like a request for an autopsy. No journalist would deny that if *rigor mortis* has not yet set in, the paper is *in extremis.* Speaking offhand and as a former ardent admirer, I should say that *The Nation* tried to live up to the great Godkin tradition without knowing how; it presented the pitiful spectacle of a small child wrapped up in its grandfather's clothes crying because the world refused to take it seriously. In trying to be critical, it became peevish; trying to be liberal, it became rabid. Obsessed with eighteenth-century shibboleths, it became in the twentieth a ruin without the redeeming trait of being magnificent: it became shabbier and shabbier with age. It put its money on the wrong horse: Germany didn't win and Soviet Russia turned out to be a flop. *The Nation* seemed never to have grasped the fact that the world moves. It won't be long now. "Moriturum te saluto."

Los Angeles, February 15 E. L. C. Morse

Socialism and Partisanship

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I would like to say on behalf of the Socialists that far from despising near-Socialists and three-quarter Socialists, as your correspondent Mr. Weinstein charges, we today not merely welcome their votes but actually allow them to join the Socialist Party. Under our new constitution any group or organization of people who are in general agreement with the Socialist aims and policies may affiliate with the party in a body. This is, it is true, a new departure from heretofore; though we have always welcomed votes from less than 100 per cent Socialists, we have asked that those who joined the party should be thoroughgoing Socialists. Despite the fact that figures show conclusively that the name "socialism" does not scare those who are at all ready to follow a third-party movement, I am certain that we Socialists would be willing to give up the name for the name Labor Party or Farmer-Labor Party provided that the new party was composed, like the British Labor Party, of affiliated groups and the Socialists were allowed to affiliate as a body.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 5 Alfred Baker Lewis

Church Folk in Politics

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prudence Rocca reflects in her gentle way in *The Nation* of January 9 one of the great fallacies of religious people at the polls. The United States is now and has been a great economic community with little of that subtle sort of patriotism which animates an Englishman or a Frenchman when he thinks of his country. National elections have generally turned on pure economic issues, and candidates for the coveted place on Pennsylvania Avenue ought to be voted for or against because of their known or suspected attitudes on such questions as the tariff, the regulation of corporations, and the distribution of power—water or other—never whether they happen to be Catholics or Baptists.

It may be a counsel of perfection, but religion has nothing to do with real issues in Washington. There men fight for privilege as they fought in the famous federal convention and that fight in the end will play havoc with our country. It dis-

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tresses me to note such signs of religious particularism as your correspondent shows. She feels herself a Catholic in national politics just as some Methodists feel. She says Catholics have never failed to do their best for their country. That is saying more than I would venture to say for any denomination or perhaps any individual. If Catholics have always been wholly patriotic, then Presbyterians have also been equally patriotic; that is, all communions have been patriotic. Yet we have assisted or permitted our country to become the home of the greatest private privileges the world has ever seen. The United States in recent years has become the greatest of imperial countries, everywhere feared more than Germany was feared in the heyday of her career, If we had all given our best to the country, Catholics, Baptists and the rest, these things could not have come to be.

Chicago, January 6 WILLIAM E. DODD

Too Much Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "One result of the institution of law is that once begun it can never end. Edict is heaped upon edict and volume upon volume." That comes to my mind as I read in my newspaper that the Reichstag has just been asked to legislate against the "sin of ugliness," meaning to ordain by law that only beauty may live—"science has already made sufficient headway to guarantee that henceforth all waitresses shall be beautiful, all chorus girls have dainty, delicate ankles, and all pianists shapely hands and arms." Though it is a long time since I read Godwin's "Political Justice," I think my text is an exact quotation from it. With that text I should like to butt in among those who are telling what is wrong with *The Nation*, which I have read from end to end for more than forty years more regularly than I ever attended church for even a single year when I was a churchgoer. It is forgetting this God's truth that makes what is wrong with *The Nation* and causes it to pursue and preach futilities and to neglect pursuits that might lead to glorious achievement.

Consider your full-page editorial Can War Make Peace? You say that "Some day, perhaps, we shall have a world government. Even sooner, probably, we shall have a unified government for the Western Hemisphere. . . . Theoretically, a world government with an army to carry out its orders would be splendid." Splendid for whom? Splendid for the owners of the hemisphere or the sphere and the fruits thereof? They would own the "unified government" and have its laws made so that everything would be splendid for them, just as it is now. When *The Nation* has progressed somewhat farther toward libertarianism it may see that the less unified governments become the more generally splendiferous they are likely to be; that a decent civilization will need no political governments.

New York, January 18 S. W. SIMPSON

Witchcraft or Physicians?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To me one of the most significant sentences in Dudley Nichols's article Witches Win in York in the January 23 issue of *The Nation* was that which referred to the impotency of the county medical society in the face of witchcraft or powwow. Though I have read many of the newspaper stories coming out of York, I have yet to see a satisfactory answer to the question, What is the attitude of these Pennsylvania Dutch toward the doctor of medicine, and *why?* I have a hunch that had the reporters sensed the significance of this angle and had they dug deep enough into it they might have struck the true explanation for the anachronism.

The question that I pose comes to me readily as I recall that powwow once held a grip on the anthracite region, the southwestern end of which lies contiguous with the Pennsylvania Dutch country, and not until the people had undergone a change of heart regarding the doctor of medicine was its doom sealed. Powwow came into its fullest strength in the eighties and nineties when Slavic immigration into these coal fields was at high tide.

The Slav found the atmosphere in his new surroundings frigid, even hostile. The doctors that he knew were company doctors. When he came in contact with them—in time of serious accidents in the mine—he found them not quite as sympathetic as he had hoped them to be.

The witch or "wise woman," as the Russians called her, occupied the center in an ethereal world of superstition. It was she who knew the secrets of black magic which cured the sick and charmed away the spirits of evil and misfortune which seemed to darken the thresholds of so many miners' shanties in those days. Not only the Slavs but the Welsh and the Irish and mine workers of older American strains were *besprecht*, to borrow a Pennsylvania Dutch term, by these withered crones. More often than not they could not speak a word of English, but this was an asset, for it made them more mysterious, at least in the eyes of their English-speaking customers.

A combination of causes combined to wean the Slavic miners from a belief in witchcraft. It was their sons fresh from medical colleges who had probably most to do with it. For it was after these young physicians were able to convert their elders to a faith in the medical profession that the latter began to lose interest in the dark formulae of the witches.

Elizabeth, New Jersey, January 29 GEORGE KORSON

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Four Poems *by* Emily Dickinson

REVOLUTION is the pod
Systems rattle from;
When the winds of
Will are stirred,
Excellent is bloom.

But except its russet
Base
Every summer be
The entomber of itself;
So of Liberty.

Left inactive on the
Stalk,
All its purple fled,
Revolution shakes it
For
Test if it be dead.

THERE is a pain so utter
It swallows Being up,
Then covers the abyss with trance
So memory can step
Around, across, upon it,
As One within a swoon
Goes steady, when an open eye
Would drop him bone by bone.

I TOOK one draught of life,
I'll tell you what I paid,
Precisely an existence—
The market price, they said.

They weighed me, dust by dust,
They balanced film with film,
Then handed me my being's worth—
A single dram of Heaven.

COLOR, Caste, Denomination—
These are Time's affair,
Death's division classifying
Does not know they are.

As in sleep—all here forgotten,
Tenets put behind,
Death's large democratic fingers
Rub away the brand.

If Circassian—He is careless—
If He put away
Chrysalis of Blonde or Umber,
Equal butterfly—

They emerge from His obscuring,
What Death knows so well,
Our minuter intuitions
Deem incredible.

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Indian Fighter, Pioneer, Warrior

Andrew Jackson, The Gentle Savage. By David Karsner. Brentano's. $3.50.

THERE are three Andrew Jacksons: the Indian fighter, pioneer, and warrior; the gentle man of the Hermitage; and the stern champion of the people in the White House, whose hatred of a moneyed aristocracy was so devastating to the National Bank. Mr. Karsner has discussed all three sympathetically, though the last is less impressively interpreted than the first two. Few figures in our history lend themselves more perfectly to the purposes of romance, for Jackson was a veritable D'Artagnan of the frontier, with most of the glittering qualities of the brilliant Gascon. The gallant boy unbowed by the blows of the British, the rollicking youth of the taverns of Salisbury and the race-track, the adventurous pioneer battling his way through the wilderness, the fighter and duelist of Tennessee, the hero of New Orleans—he was made for the interpretative genius of a Dumas, and yet, strangely enough, novelists and dramatists have somehow failed to realize on the opportunities he presents. Mr. Karsner has caught the fascinating features of Jackson's unique character and painted a vivid and illuminating portrait. Unlike some of the interpreters among the intellectuals there is nothing patronizing in his treatment; no attempt to "show Jackson up." Here is an author in love with his subject.

He has made the most of the dramatic episodes in Jackson's life. The duel with Dickinson, who was killed none too soon, is graphically described; the picture of Jackson haranguing the crowd in defense of Burr at Richmond is vividly done: the scenes at New Orleans with this worn, anxious warrior of the wilderness dominating the whole, are painted impressively and with fidelity to the facts; and the infuriated Jackson who challenged the gossip of the preachers and the women in his protection of Peggy Eaton is virile with reality. But the finest achievement of the book is the fact that the author, without sacrificing any of the appeal based on Jackson's fighting fury, has brought out the innate tenderness of the man, his personal cleanness, his instinctive honesty, his almost novel moral courage. And he has done another fine thing, too; he has given us an understanding and beautiful portrait of Rachel, who, viciously lied about in her life and literally killed by slander, has been treated with levity or malignity ever since.

The political phase is not so satisfactorily treated. Thus we have a rather hot defense of Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, referred to in his life as "fished up from the desk of a dead miser and the bottom of the Philadelphia bar." Mr. Karsner is impressed with the "moral courage" of Duane in refusing to retire from the Cabinet when he found himself out of sympathy with Jackson's fight against the Biddle bank. As a matter of fact Duane, a mediocre man, appointed because of Jackson's admiration for his father, was a weakling under the influence of the Philadelphia friends of the bank. His "moral courage" would have been demonstrated by his refusal to go on with Jackson's policy and the tendering of his resignation. Instead, under the encouragement of the bank's friends and hirelings in Congress and out, he preferred to assume the ridiculous position that the President had no power to expell him from his official household. Since Jackson's greatest service to the nation was the destruction of this unscrupulous moneyed monopoly with Senators on its pay roll, and since Duane was its tool, no tenderness is due him.

However Mr. Karsner has given us a portrait of Jackson which goes far to explain the intense love and loyalty he inspired among his friends and the fear he created in his foes.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Prairie and Fiord

The Snake Pit. By Sigrid Undset. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Peder Victorious. By O. E. Rölvaag. Translated by Nora O. Solum and the Author. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

I THINK no one can fail to recognize Sigrid Undset as one of the greatest of living writers. One might question just why so great a talent should choose to express itself through the pageant of medieval Norway, for there have been few great historical romances. But a reading of the book stills the question. Man at odds with fate is an eternal figure. The only variable element is the name and form of fate. Moreover, historical romance is a term loosely used. Often it seems to be applied rather because a story is inadequately realized than because it is set in an earlier day than the writer's. "War and Peace" and "Don Quixote" both antedated their authors' day, but they are too intolerably real to seem to us "historical." Their authors were more interested in their characters than in a stained-glass past. And so is Sigrid Undset. Although she reproduces medieval Norway in all the rich pageantry of color and form, although she spares us neither sounds nor smells, her story also is intolerably real. She can transport us eight centuries and several thousand miles more effectively than most writers can take us into the house next door.

"The Snake Pit" is the second in a tetrology of novels called "The Master of Hestviken." "The Axe" preceded it, and it will apparently be followed by "In the Wilderness" and "The Son Avenger." I am not quite able to say why this second book interests me less than "The Axe." Perhaps one can feel only once the first fine enthusiasm over the discovery of a new writer of the first rank, and afterward one settles down to a more humdrum enjoyment. Perhaps the cause that separates the married lovers seems more remote from our modern sympathies than the cause that separated them in youth. Or the responsibility for my lesser enjoyment of the second book may lie wholly with our modern emphasis on youth and our distaste for and resolute avoidance of the tragedies of middle age. Certainly we have a vast impatience with fate and death. Modern men still die, but not until the moment is upon them, if they can help it; and until that moment comes we almost forget that we are mortal, so busy are we with opening up new territories to our senses and our minds. And sins we have banished from our world.

But Olav, the Master of Hestviken, and his wife Ingunn walked through difficult paths across which writhed innumerable deadly sins, all of which must be duly confessed to their bishop and shriven by him before they could again hold up their heads among men or make their peace with God. Among all these pale and writhing sins none were more deadly than Ingunn's sin of adultery or than Olav's murder of her lover. As long as these went unconfessed it mattered little that Teit had taken Ingunn against her will, or that it was common enough for men to kill the despoiler of their wives. It mattered not at all that Olav's and Ingunn's strength had long been sorely tried by exile and daily hardship and danger, nor that both were generous and kind and loving. And so the modern mind rebels against the long retribution they were forced to suffer when at last Olav was able to take his wife home to Hestviken. It rebels against Ingunn's interminable physical agony and Olav's spiritual one. Remembering the exquisite idyl of their dawning love in "The Axe," we feel that we cannot endure it if Ingunn loses another child in childbirth, or if Olav rises again in those cold winter nights in the smoke-filled hall of the manor house to rub oil on the raw sores that years of lying in bed had worn in the white shoulders he once loved.

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And yet under the irritation we see that two superb portraits are slowly emerging from the painful pages. Sigrid Undset succeeds marvelously in projecting character in the round, with every fleeting shade added to make the elusive whole.

When I read "Giants in the Earth" I wondered how much of the charm of that story of the Norwegian settlement of the Dakotas was due to the originality of its material, and how much to any unique skill in the telling, or unique felicity in the words. "Peder Victorious" would seem to answer that question, for although it is a good book, in fact the best American novel I have seen this winter, it is only a good book; it is not, like its predecessor, a magical, a beguiling, an enchanting book. We don't sit breathless over it, or agonize over it as we agonized over the silence of the prairie that first interminable winter. We don't exult over Beret's new $2,000 barn as we did over the building of the new sod hut, or the contriving of a table out of odds and ends. Peder's adolescent difficulties don't disturb us as did the running away of the settlers' cows. The prairie filled with excitable wrangling men doesn't excite us as did the prairie empty except for that preposterous little band from Nordland. The prairie itself was the hero of that magical book, and on it there appeared a tiny maggot in the form of the ingenious and whimsical Per Hansa, who refused to be daunted by its silence or its winds, its vastness or its cold; who thought up the most incredible ways to evade it, and ultimately to tame it. The prairie got him at last, but his children spread over it, breaking up its rich virgin sod, building ugly little towns and ugly little houses.

What they did to it we like too little to sympathize greatly with their exertions in the doing. What Per Hansa might have done to it died with him. We are faced in the story, as in contemporary life, with the fact that the second generation, which built our Western towns, is far less interesting than the first, which drove its rickety covered wagons through the pathless grass of the prairies. "Giants in the Earth" was a fairy tale, one of the most wistful, the saltiest, the most prodigious of all fairy tales. "Peder Victorious" is an ordinary story of ordinary beings like you and me, engaged in discovering their toes. Perhaps Peder's son, building fantastic towers against the sky, plotting aerial roadways, discovering new natural laws, will again give Mr. Rölvaag the right material for that myth-making faculty of the Norwegian which he applied so happily to the fabulous Per Hansa.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Two Americans Look at Russia

Dreiser Looks at Russia. By Theodore Dreiser. Horace Liveright. $3.

The Hammer and the Scythe. By Anne O'Hare McCormick. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IN "Dreiser Looks at Russia" and "The Hammer and the Scythe" we see that Russia, the heterogeneous, has succeeded in setting two more critics to contradicting each other—and occasionally themselves. Dreiser says that the art of cooking is unknown in Russia, and the trains are never on time, but he was refreshed by the spirituality and lack of material greed in the Communist soul; while Mrs. McCormick, who reports the food as uniformly good and the train service as punctual and well-regulated, declares that communism is a war against the soul, "summoning man to a single concentration on the material facts of life."

Dreiser's is a rambling book of impressions, reported in his prosaic style, rarely lighted by imagination. Certain passages which he has been accused of plagiarizing from Dorothy Thompson are strikingly similar to parts of her previously published work, "The New Russia." It is true that these deal with obvious aspects of Moscow and the Soviet system that no visitor could fail to observe; but the presentation of the ideas in the same order and often the same words seems more than a coincidence. Miss Thompson's charges will have to be more adequately answered than they have been yet. Mr. Dreiser, in spite of occasional outbursts of petulance, refrains—more modestly than most transient visitors—from attempting any thoroughgoing criticism of the operation of the system. He is at his best in his understanding of the ideals of this "materialistic" government, and the thinking and striving of the people.

Mrs. McCormick, on the contrary, shows a keener insight into the practical difficulties of the Soviet regime, but sweepingly misjudges its aims. Worse, her statements often deviate from the facts on the side unfavorable to Russia. For example, she says there are no nurseries for peasant women; but there were close to four thousand in operation last year in the summer, the only time when peasant women work outside the home. She says the Mohammedan religion enjoys special privilege; whereas it is subjected to the same atheistic propaganda as the Christian, Jewish, and all other religions, and suffered even more concretely than they in the decree freeing women and abolishing polygamy and bride-buying. She says the classics and humanities have been abolished as useless; whereas there are courses in the history of art and literature, national and international, not only in the universities, but in various schools. She refers to the "oppressive taxes of the peasants" without even mentioning the fact that the poorest third of the peasants pay no taxes at all. She says ownership by the workers has not stimulated productivity, which is comparatively low; it is low, compared with America, but it is 10 per cent above pre-war productivity in Russia. She says the government is unable to run industry at a profit; whereas, without external loans and only a billion rubles of internal debt from the revolution up to 1928, it added to its basic capital four and a half billion rubles in the four years from 1924-1928. This while it increased wages and welfare expenditure and decreased hours of work. She says the regular government construction program requires capital available only in the United States; whereas the Gosplan is and has been based purely on the returns of Russian internal loans, taxes, industry, and trade. Capital from the United States or any other country would be a welcome accelerator, but is not included in the plan.

Mrs. McCormick writes in dashing, picturesque language which she can hardly intend always to be taken literally. Her book is brilliant, and flashes of real insight mingle with flashes of vivid, overdrawn journalistic bunk. It contains enough internal contradictions, enough living incidents flout her own conclusions, so that the reader may begin to want to find out what is the truth about this Russian business anyway. And that is all to the good.

It seems to me that both Mr. Dreiser and Mrs. McCormick overestimate the military danger and the military power of Russia; and neither of them admits the possibility of as much criticism from workers, peasants, and bourgeois as I heard in the year I spent there, perhaps because their inability to speak Russian barred them from experiencing it. Mrs. McCormick's worst mistake, and Mr. Dreiser's greatest bit of clairvoyance, is about Russian materialism and the soul. It will be a great day when somebody invents a word to distinguish between the materialism of the Communists, who say that the soul is matter and spend their time seeking material to educate it, and the materialism of Americans, who say that the soul is spirit, therefore it will take care of itself while we spend our time seeking the latest styles in clothes, cars, and jazz.

JESSIE LLOYD

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The Virtue of Skepticism

Sceptical Essays. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL has written this book to maintain the simple but revolutionary theses that "when the experts are agreed, the opposite cannot be held for certain; that when they are not agreed, no opinion can be regarded as certain by a non-expert, and that when they all hold that no sufficient grounds for a positive opinion exists, the ordinary man would do well to suspend his judgment." This does not prevent Mr. Russell himself from having very positive opinions of a slightly antique flavor on the malignant influence of bishops, or from finding especially a King Charles's head in the Bishop of London. Whether we agree or disagree with Freud that the future of religion is that of an illusion, we have a feeling that the careful analysis of religious feeling by Freud is more consistent with the scientific spirit than the unskeptical certainties of Mr. Russell.

Mr. Russell, however, realizes with Abelard that the beginning of wisdom lies in doubt and that a condition of construction is a clear mind undeceived by shams. Rightly he insists that the best mental antiseptic with which we can provide people through education is by teaching them not what to think but how to think—by inculcating the power to criticize, to remain skeptics, to be economical in credos. This is perhaps where our enthusiasts for the ethical attitude toward social and political problems, be it conservative or socialist, go wrong. "Moral indignation is one of the most harmful forces in the modern world." It is no good expecting that men will agree about values; it may be, as Mr. Russell suggests, that it is useless to give them an *éducation sentimentale* in altruism. But it is possible to teach them that certain means are foolish if we desire certain ends, and to get agreement in this teaching. Skepticism would conduce to hesitation about adopting means more specious than effective for our interests. Such skepticism is badly needed in the world which is emptiest of science and fullest of myths—the world of political affairs. Bertrand Russell asks:

> What would have happened if Einstein had advanced something equally new [like his theory of Relativity] in the sphere of religion or politics? English people would have found elements of Prussianism in his theory; anti-Semities would have regarded it as a Zionist plot; nationalists in all countries would have found it tainted with lily-livered pacifism and proclaimed it as a mere dodge for escaping military service.

The only road of successful attack upon the traditional myths would seem to be not by the establishment of more colorful myths, Marxian or Fascist, red, black, or green, but, with the support of human instinct, pointing out to men, as a matter of social and political science, the intelligent methods of achieving their objects and leave the rest to their own good sense and to their new insight into their neighbor's acts.

It is interesting to notice how far Bertrand Russell reverts to the social philosophy of the eighteenth century and to a time prior to the anti-Jacobin movement when the world lost its heart and head, first to reaction and then to the nationalist mania. His belief that human instincts are good and require rather direction than thwarting, his attitude to marriage and women, his rationalism, his trust in an enlightened self-instinct as a guide in education recall almost the words of Condorcet. His horror not only of religious but of moral tyranny and his individualism remind one of Voltaire, as does his philosophy, which abhors dualism and the one-sided emphasis of materialism and of idealism, and which insists again that all man's actions lie within what Voltaire called the one "empire of nature" and are accessible to Locke's experimental physics of the soul. The Founding Fathers would probably have understood Russell far better than do most of those of even the English tradition, not to speak of the Latin, today. In an epoch of cock-sure dictators from Moscow to Madrid and of cock-sure censors from Westminster and Dublin to Tennessee—exponents of a censorship no more absurd when it is called religious than when it is called moral and no more scientifically informed when it is called moral than when it is called religious—we may well look to any movement as our best hope which will recall the age of the *Eclaircissement,* and may salute in Mr. Russell at once a mathematician without the prejudices of Newton and a skeptic without the obliqueness of Bayle.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

The Victorian Great

The Brownings. A Victorian Idyl. By David Loth. Brentano's. $3.75.

The Brownings. By Osbert Burdett. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

The Colvins and Their Friends. By E. V. Lucas. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

IT is significant that the only snapshot made of Browning by the Colvins portrays neither the philosopher nor the poet but a society figure, almost a parlor entertainer, who is a victim in life—as he was after death—of ignorant adulation. The fact not only reveals the shallow character of Mr. Lucas's subjects but it clarifies and in a sense excuses the emphasis which both of the Browning biographies lay on that phase of his life. Obviously that is how the Brownings impressed the casual observer.

But to those who know the Brownings by their writings these chronicles will be a surprise and a disappointment. In them we see two inflated, garrulous reputations enjoying the obeisance of the world and relating its cataclysmic experiences to their inconsequential domestic arrangements. It would not be exaggerating to state that Messrs. Loth and Burdett believe that one of the most important results of the Italian revolution was Browning's chance to buy good furniture very cheaply, and similar instances may be cited to show that this is not an isolated absurdity but the absence of a sense of proportion.

Especially is Mr. Loth at fault in this matter. Not the Brownings but the subtitle of his work is really its theme. In a lucid, colloquial style he tells us the love-story of two middle-aged Victorians; she a simpering prude, he a pompous one, and both as sentimental and artificial as Dickens's characters. Except for the mention in chronological sequence of their publications, Mr. Loth does not make us aware that this is the emotional awakening of two of the great English poets. For the sake of the plot, I presume, he deprives his characters of the individuality and the rational powers evinced in their works and letters and reduces them to the common inanity of Jenny Doe and John Roe.

By quotations from the Brownings' letters and poems as well as by his own interpretations of their work Mr. Burdett raises the tone of his biography above the tale of a Victorian idyl. But from him, too, the romance exacts many a sacrifice of critical narrative. It overbalances his consideration of their intellectual relationship and intercourse and it sets at naught his attempt to treat the poetical product of their married years as a unified whole. Such an attempt was, of course, bound to fail because the Brownings exerted practically no influence on each other as poets or critics. "Sonnets from the Portuguese" sing the man and the lover; his reply and other tributes to her show

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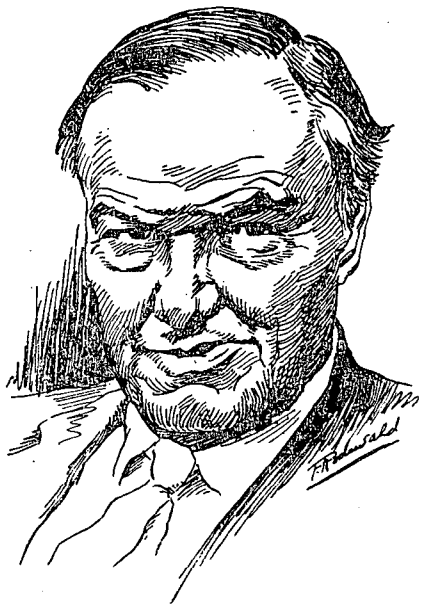

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it was his heart and not his mind that was affected. Nevertheless, it need not have failed so utterly if Mr. Burdett had realized that to draw the Brownings to their full stature as poets and thinkers one must see them by the flares of the stirring times in which they lived rather than in the soft glimmer of their romantic idyl.

The Victorian great were seen by the Colvins almost entirely by the lights of the drawing-room, and thus they appear in Mr. Lucas's biography, which is simply a compilation of excerpts from letters, memoirs, and notes. Moreover the rooms are so full of what Browning called "the foolish crowd of rushers-in upon genius" that one gets but a fleeting glimpse of the worshiped idols. It is not Browning or George Eliot or Hugo who is heard but their satellite friends that go about whispering, "Chut, le maître va parler," knowing little and understanding even less of the wisdom or nonsense which the Master utters. In this hodge-podge of illuminating commentary and trivial gossip Ruskin and Burne-Jones, both battlers against the slavery of adoration, stand out as the dominant figures in English aesthetic thought.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

Since the Peace

Europe: A History of Ten Years. By Raymond Leslie Buell, with the Aid of the Staff of the Foreign Policy Association. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Nationalist Crusade in Syria. By Elizabeth P. MacCallum. The Foreign Policy Association. $2.50.

MR. BUELL'S book, to which six of his associates in the Foreign Policy Association staff have contributed chapters or other aid, will be welcomed by those who want a summary view of European history during the past ten years, and who do not object to a good deal of data and a rather dry style. The story begins with the Treaty of Versailles, goes on to the long controversy over reparations, reconstruction, and war debts, analyzes the Locarno settlement, sketches the internal condition of Germany, passes next to the Eastern frontier, Poland, the new Baltic States, and Russia, turns westward to the Succession States and the Little Entente and southward to Italy, takes a rapid glance at the Balkans and Turkey, and ends at Geneva with a survey of the outlook for peace. One does not look for novelty in a personally conducted tour of this kind, and the facts that are marshaled are, naturally, little more than the commonplaces of specialists, but Mr. Buell has a good eye for what is informative and important, and his readers will find the book worth while.

Such expressions of opinion as occur along the way are, in general, in line with present-day liberal thought about the war, the peace, and the outlook for the future. Mr. Buell thinks that the Danzig regime should be ended, and Danzig "returned to the German Reich, subject to transit guaranties in favor of Poland." The status of Upper Silesia will have to be determined over again, with less hypocritical pretense and more regard for the interests of the local population. An excellent sketch of the Soviet system in Russia is accompanied by the prediction that communism in Russia has come to stay, and the League disposition of the Hungarian arms controversy last year is properly pronounced a whitewash. The Little Entente seems to Mr. Buell to be "the most important stabilizing element in Central Europe since the war," notwithstanding the slow recovery of freedom of trade in the Succession States, but his doubt about the possibility of settling the relations between Italy and the Vatican has been dissipated by the events of the past few weeks. Thick and thin partisans of the League will hardly relish his restrained commendation of that institution, but he is nevertheless on solid ground when he affirms that League decisions "often will be made, not upon a basis of justice, but upon a basis of opportunistic intrigue," that even the "whole-hearted participation" of Russia and Italy and the cooperation of the United States "will not inaugurate the millennium," and that "the real vitality of the League sooner or later will depend upon its willingness squarely to face real issues."

Miss MacCallum, who has collaborated with Mr. Buell in the preparation of his book, has done an admirable piece of scholarly work in her special study of the nationalist movement in Syria. If the mandate system, as a means of directing the destinies of supposed backward peoples, were to be judged by the performances of France in Syria, then surely would mandates of all kinds have to be condemned as the negation of sensible government. Miss MacCallum traces in detail the course of French administration in Syria, the rapid development of political and social grievances coincident with the decline of trade and agriculture and the disorder of the currency, the Druze outbreak with the bombardment of Damascus and later French reprisals, and the provocations of a French policy which was sometimes brutal and often inept. The Permanent Mandates Commission of the League, on the other hand, comes out rather well under Miss MacCallum's searching examination, and Miss MacCallum herself concludes that "it would be an ardent critic of the League indeed who could [*sic*] maintain that Syria would not be taking a backward step were it to renounce League supervision and mediation and permit the Mandatory Power to assume sovereignty over it. . . . The chief guaranty of Syria's steady advancement toward a position of independence . . . lies in the sober attention of Syrians themselves to the course of public affairs. . . . It is the Syrian people themselves on whom the ultimate responsibility rests." The book is thoroughly documented, and appendices offer some important documents and a bibliography.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Invisible Hand

Making Goods and Making Money. By Horace Taylor. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"THE highest achievement in business is the nearest approach to getting something for nothing." This just and beautiful line deserves to be hewn in letters of marble over the front portico of all our Colleges of Business Administration. Needless to say it is from the pen of Mr. Thorstein Veblen. Mr. Taylor quotes it with the reverence it merits, but begs leave to doubt if it is as true as it was when Veblen wrote it—say a dozen years ago. He is not disposed to question that it remains the substance of things hoped for; he gives the business man all due credit for his eternal and undeviating devotion to this ideal; but he is of the opinion that the drift of recent developments in the structure of American business necessitates a somewhat different formula. While the highest achievement in business is still the maximum margin of gross income over cost, this consummation can best be brought about today by making goods in quantity rather than by a restriction of production. For a given investment, there is more money to be made from a flood of units at a small margin of profit per unit than from large margins on a restricted output. Our author is careful to point out, furthermore, that the new formula only operates in a general way, for certain commodities, particularly those amenable to mass production.

Time and technology are modifying Veblen, even as time, and a touch of horse sense, modified Adam Smith. The father of political economy, you will remember, promulgated the doctrine

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of the "invisible hand" which reached forth, presumably from heaven, and so arranged matters that the more bowlegged became the business man in carrying his profits to the bank, the better was society served. Remove all restrictions from trade, let greed be unconfined, and lo! Utopia. "The Wealth of Nations" remains as one of the major exhibits of the triumph of logic over common sense. It is a sample of those too perfect theories which reduce to absurdity the minds of even the most brilliant of men. Its gross, nay hideous, errors were laid bare in the generation following, when in the benign atmosphere of pure laissez faire, children of four worked in the Lancashire cotton mills from five in the morning to eight at night, and "few of them ever lived to grow up." If the reform bills, trade unionism, and the cooperative movement had not struck aside the "invisible hand," the working classes of England—and with them English business—would have been ultimately destroyed. The facts finished Adam Smith about 1840. (The above soliloquy is mine, not Mr. Taylor's).

Will the facts, similarly, finish Veblen? His theory is diametrically opposed to Smith: that unrestricted greed always tends to yank the pillars from under the social structure. Mr. Taylor would hardly go so far as to say that Veblen's doctrine is dethroned, but he does hold that it appears to be tottering; and for these reasons:

Modern industry requires a large capital outlay, particularly in plant and machinery. Fixed charges are heavy and growing heavier. He adduces seven cogent reasons for continually heavier charges. The only hope of meeting mounting overhead costs lies in the maximum of continuous operation and the minimum of idle plant. This forces a continuous flow of goods at whatever prices obtain. Even if they are sold at a loss it may help to carry fixed charges for a time—though never permanently, of course. J. M. Keynes recently advised the idle mills of Lancashire to fire their boilers and sell below cost, as the method which would cause them the smallest net loss during the depression. Many of them followed his advice.

In certain fields at certain times a maximum of "goods" is consistent with a maximum of profit—thus causing Mr. Veblen's theory to look a little disheveled, while bringing the ghost of a smile to the shade of Adam Smith. I suspect that Mr. Taylor is right, if for no other reason than the hordes of hungry salesmen who are forever after me, and the gross quantity of carbon monoxide I inhale on any motor road. An invisible hand has certainly turned on a spigot and drenched us with an unprecedented amount of stuff in the past few years. The only quarrel I might have with Mr. Taylor's very able analysis is the use of the word "goods" for stuff—covering as it does good stuff, bad stuff, any old stuff so long as the sales resistance against it can be dynamited. As I have undoubtedly already written too much on this particular point, I desist from plaguing citizens with further exposition. Enough that I dissent from the word "goods." But so, in a ringing last chapter, does Mr. Taylor.

STUART CHASE

Down by the Erie

Rome Haul. By Walter D. Edmonds. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

I GREW up on the old Erie Canal; I rode sleepy canal mules, and dropped from bridges on to lazy boats; I swam in the canal and fished in it and skated on it, and watched the canalmen fight at the locks; in 1908 I rode the canal from Rochester to Utica. And I can testify that Walter Edmonds, who was four years old in that year, when the canal was already almost dead, has somehow caught the life of the old ditch, even to the strange pink color of the old boats and

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the honk of the horns at the locks. "Rome Haul," after a hard start, hurries up and down the canal at a pace unnatural to canal boats in my day. In the course of the story several people come intensely alive and love and have the uncommon honesty to face the fading of love; a gentleman crook on horseback rides furiously through all the canal country, and a magnificent fight is fought and lost in the winning. The smell of the canal is in the book. But a loyal son of the Genesee must protest that the Montezuma Marshes, a mighty and mysterious waste land which is all but drained and gone today, were never known by the trifling name of "Montezuma swamps."

L. S. G.

Sixteenth-Century Revolution

The Great Revolt in Castile. By Henry Latimer Seaver. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

In 1521 the great cities of Spain—Toledo and Valladolid, Salamanca, Leon and Burgos, Avila and Segovia, and their sister towns to the number of fourteen—revolted against the policies of their king, who was so busy being Holy Roman Emperor that he had no time for anything south of the Pyrenees but the imposing of taxes and the beheading of objectors. It was a popular revolt, wherein cobbler and saddler led the preliminary mobs and the nobles shifted uneasily from one allegiance to the other, being unable either to quell the uproar of the people or stomach the orders of the king. The story of its swift rise and swifter failure is as dramatic as a good novel of adventure. The conflict of fierce individualities, the lack of a national vision, the plotting and counter-plotting of nobles, the power and essential democracy of the people—all these Professor Seaver has put into his book, together with the feel of a black night when a mud-stained king fled for his life out through the city gates and across the rainy plains. He has had the courage to plunge directly into his narrative, trusting that the rush of his story will carry his readers past the need for preliminary stage-setting. The book justifies his procedure. It moves with a vigor and a sense of life that even copious footnotes cannot dull. It may be objected that at times the plot thickens with too many names and details, and grows so compact that a lay mind can scarcely cut through to clear understanding. But in spite of this fault, the book holds delight for people who are interested in the drama of popular action as well as for those who thrill to the name of Spain.

MILDRED ADAMS

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well defined that the guesses of Mr. Siegfried regarding our national temperament and the "Whither Americas" will fade like organ music on the evening air. The contributions maintain a high standard, and Mr. Ogburn deserves praise for having included a chapter on Inventions and Discoveries. The only extraordinary omission is that of statistics regarding our Catholic and Jewish church members which would compare in interest with the fascinating contribution by Arthur E. Holt, professor of social ethics at Chicago Theological Seminary, who shows that fundamentalism is moving into town and that the farmers who stay at home can as easily tune in on Harry Emerson Fosdick or John Haynes Holmes as on Frank and Ernest of the People's Pulpit Association, Station WBBR, 10.10 Sunday mornings.

WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH

Books in Brief

The Modern Case for Socialism. By A. W. Humphrey. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

The modern case for socialism, to judge from Mr. Humphrey's exposition, seems remarkably like the ancient one; for it begins with the labor theory of value, the iron law of wages, and the doctrine of class struggle. The reader is led through most of the usual criticisms of capitalism, with emphasis on monopoly, and is given an account of numerous public enterprises, most of which Mr. Humphrey thinks have been brilliantly successful.

Foreign Investments. By Gustav Cassel, Theodor E. Gregory, Robert R. Kuczynski, and Henry Kittredge Norton. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Rarely does a course of lectures yield as valuable a series of papers as these 1928 lectures on the Harris Foundation at the University of Chicago. Professor Cassel's study of international capital movements, especially the war debts, Professor Gregory's analysis of the British foreign investment situation, and Dr. Kuczynski's brief paper on American loans to Germany are all fresh and suggestive discussions, while Mr. Norton's lecture on loans to backward countries is the best popular defense that has been made of present American policy.

The Grain Trade During the World War. By Frank M. Surface. The Macmillan Company. $6.

This is a 670-page, heavily documented history of the control exercised by the United States over the grain trade from the entrance of this country into the war. It should prove a useful source book, but would seem more appropriate for this purpose if the author were less obviously impressed by Herbert Hoover, Julius H. Barnes, and other prominent figures with whom he came into contact as economist for the United States Grain Corporation.

The Tragedy of Greece. By S. P. P. Cosmetatos. Translated by E. W. and A. Dickes. Foreword by Cyril Hughes Hartmann. Brentano's. $4.50.

M. Cosmetatos has written a vigorous defense of those who, like King Constantine, favored a policy of neutrality on the part of Greece during the Great War. He has had access to a limited amount of documentary material in the foreign offices at Paris and Athens and has made liberal use of Soviet revelations and of the Kautsky documents. The evidence is overwhelming, he believes, that the Allies and M. Venizelos betrayed Greece and led her into the perilous and eventually disastrous Asia Minor adventure. He denies that King Constantine was pro-German, with considerable justice laying the belief that he was to deliberate falsifications by an unscrupulous Allied propaganda. He concedes M. Venizelos "great qualities as a statesman and a diplomat"—a sweeping concession in view of M. Venizelos's illusions concerning the greatness of himself and his country—but believes that "his fine qualities were more than outweighed by grave defects of character." In spite of its obvious bias and its recurrent bitterness, this book will be a useful contribution to an understanding of Greek opinion concerning the war. It yet remains for an historian, preferably not a Greek, to write the whole story of the greatest of Greek tragedies—that of 1914-1924. A definitive account, however, must await the opening of the diplomatic archives at Paris, London, Athens, and Constantinople.

Films

Free Lances

STANDARDIZED mass production on a world scale has made Hollywood the dominating force in the world of cinema. Thanks to Hollywood the making of motion pictures has become an industry, and though we may not rejoice in this fact as much as some of our friends in Russia seem to, we must admit that it is in accord with all modern developments; if we have machine-made and standardized homes, clothes, food, newspapers, and radios, why not also movies? Moreover, Hollywood satisfies a certain social need by providing its entertainment in quantities and qualities which are demanded by the countless numbers of its consumers, and which could not be supplied except by an organized industry.

On the other hand, of course, there are the obvious drawbacks of industrial standardization: banned is artistic and intellectual culture; banned, independence of outlook and originality of treatment. The resultant product is inevitably bilge, no matter how glorified or how skilfully decked out in borrowed plumes of a vulgarized and usually outlived artistic fashion.

Thus, among people who resent the effects of Hollywood, there has grown up a demand for motion pictures of a superior artistic and intellectual appeal. In America the first attempt to satisfy this demand came with a series of Sunday showings organized by the Film Arts Guild in 1925. This was followed by the establishment of permanent picture houses in New York such as the Fifth Avenue, the Fifty-fifth Street, the St. George's in Brooklyn, the Little Carnegie, and the latest of them all, the Film Guild Cinema, besides a number of other similar little picture houses in other parts of the country. The movement is undoubtedly showing signs of rapid progress. But though numerical growth is an important factor in the situation, the success of the movement will largely depend on the artistic policy pursued by its sponsors. In this respect, it must be admitted, not everything is as well as it should be. The little cinema houses certainly deserve every credit for introducing to this country a number of foreign pictures of outstanding merit. They popularized "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "Ballet Mécanique," "Potemkin"; and, more recently, "The Symphony of Berlin," "Thérèse Raquin," "Ivan the Terrible," "The End of St. Petersburg," and "Ten Days That Shook the World." But side by side with these truly remarkable achievements of cinematic art the little theaters have also tried to foist on the public as genuine masterpieces works puerile and utterly inept.

There is so much that can be done by these experimental theaters in the way of real artistic leadership that one is apt to grow impatient with the lack of vision displayed by the majority of them. An agreeable exception is the Film Guild Cinema, whose director, Symon Gould, showed commendable daring in selecting Frederick Kiesler for his architect. At pres-

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ent it is still too early to pass an opinion on the most original part of Mr. Kiesler's design—his use of side-walls for additional projection—for the installation of this feature has not yet been completed. But the very attempt to build "a 100 per cent cinema house," whether successfully realized or not, is of tremendous importance. From now on no picture house making any claim to distinction will be able to content itself with copying the popular, essentially stagy, designs of today. It will have to tackle the aesthetic problem of the screen as an architectual feature—one of the most important in the art of motion picture—and for raising this problem, as well as for many other interesting innovations, Mr. Kiesler and Mr. Gould deserve the gratitude of all believers in cinematic progress.

Unfortunately one cannot express similar enthusiasm about Mr. Gould's choice of pictures, but at least one item on his first program—a picturization of "The Fall of the House of Usher" by J. S. Watson, Jr., and Melville Webber—was appropriate to the occasion and symptomatic of the future. This extraordinary technical achievement of two amateurs has settled the question of the vaunted technical superiority of Hollywood. Now we know that if Hollywood does not do better than it does, the only explanation is its own incompetence. But in the example of Messrs. Watson and Webber we also see a promise of the future. Free lances like Leger and Murphy, authors of "Ballet Mécanique," and a number of others, have given in the past many a fillip to the art of the movies. There is no lack of gifted amateurs today. In this very New York there is Ralph Steiner, author of "H_2O"—a real masterpiece. There are others. Their principal need is an outlet for their work—an outlet which in the nature of things can be provided only by little cinemas. Thus the more little theaters, the more chances for the free lances—and the cycle will be complete. Hollywood beware!

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International Relations Section

Mexico's Labor Crisis

By CARLETON BEALS

DISINTEGRATION, ever since the assassination of Alvaro Obregón, remains the outstanding characteristic of Mexican politics. The Sonora-Yaqui Revindicating Regime (1920-1928) appears definitely to have reached its end. The transition, however, is still obscure, undefined. With the final retirement of Calles, the last of the supermen who emerged from the troubled 1913-1917 stage passes from the scene. Feebler supernumeraries remain—Vasconcelos, Saenz, Valenzuela, Villareal, Pérez Treviño, Morones; also a host of squirming ambitious militarists yet to be heard from. Petty political and military ambitions already have made mince-meat of local politics.

The general dissolution has extended to the labor and peasant movements. This was already on the horizon even before the death of Obregón. Its most recent phase has been the rapid break-up of the Regional Confederation of Labor (CROM) under the blows of provisional President Portes Gil and the independent unions. The CROM has basked in official favor ever since the Zacatecas convention in 1919. In that year this confederation was organized by Luis N. Morones and Ricardo Treviño, under the patronage of President Venustiano Carranza, as a foil to the syndicalist Casa del Obrero Mundial which had been declared an outlaw organization and the leaders of which had been arrested for treason. The new organization promptly turned its back on Carranza, and the founders created the Mexican Labor Party (PLM) to support the candidacy of Alvaro Obregón. After his victory in 1920, Morones was awarded the management of the national munition works, with a budget of 30,000,000 pesos a year; and other leaders received important administrative posts. Plutarco Elías Calles, in 1924, ran on a straight PLM ticket; and Morones thereupon ascended to the Ministry of Industry and Commerce and Labor. The municipal administration of Mexico City, various governorships, and seats in the Chamber and Senate were captured by the official labor group. The first two years of Calles's administration marked the heyday of the CROM and the PLM. Since then they have steadily declined. Little by little they were deserted by Calles. Corruption crept into the leadership. Maladministration, even embezzlement of union funds, browbeating tactics toward independent unions, the use of force to cause them to affiliate, the breaking of the railway strike called by the independent Transport Confederation—these tactics could not be effectively challenged as long as the CROM had police-power backing.

Politically, too, the CROM and PLM were plunging into troubled waters. The convention last year very reluctantly supported Obregón for the Presidency. The Labor deputies, with wry faces and loud reservations, voted for the reelection amendment to the Constitution, making Obregón's candidacy viable. Before the campaign was well advanced, the leaders had openly split with Obregón, and by May, 1928, Morones announced that the Laborites were retiring from politics; that, if necessary, they would relinquish their government jobs, but warned Obregón not to touch the workers' organizations or the workers would be roused to fight against him behind the barricades. Obregón struck back swiftly. He choked off Labor control of the municipal government of the capital, a most lucrative prize. The Laborite, Celestino Gasca, Morones's successor in the munition works, after a bloody contest was beaten for the governorship of Guanajuato, through the machinations of Obregón and in spite of Calles's support. Today the only remaining Labor governor is found in Zacatecas; the administration deputies are maneuvering to depose him.

A third source of opposition has been the business and industrial world in general. Aside from the natural antagonism toward labor to be expected from employers, the CROM, by certain abuses of its power, backed up by its official position, has pursued punitive tactics toward industrial enterprise, aimed not so much toward benefiting the workers as lining the pockets of the leaders. The exceptions—not too enviable, given the existing radical tendencies of the Mexican masses—were the various class-collaboration congresses called by Morones as Minister in order to standardize working conditions throughout the Republic. The sufferers have been the smaller fry of Mexican nationality. Foreign corporations have suffered least.

The symptoms of this inner decay of the CROM have been visible to unbiased observers for several years, even before the break with Obregón. The first failure of the CROM was its inability to attract and control the peasant elements, i. e. the basic proletarian force of the country. The Grupo Acción, the inner directing group of the CROM and the PLM, does not contain a single peasant leader.

For years the rail-workers have been out of the CROM. Hence in 1926 the CROM seized upon the first opportunity to smash a rail strike and split the independent organizations. The CROM then managed to organize some five thousand workers, largely office employees, on the fringe; but most of the transport workers, though poorly united at present, are, without exception, bitterly opposed to the CROM. The labor federation of Coahuila became restive in 1927. Early in 1928 it seceded from the CROM. General Pérez Treviño attempted to bring the disaffected elements under his wing, and organized the Socialist League of Coahuila; but the bona fide labor elements refused to be taken in, whereupon they were promptly harassed from one side by the CROM and from the other by the Governor. They have largely held their ground. For years the Labor and Peasant Federation of Tamaulipas and the oil unions, more or less under the control of Portes Gil, have fought every effort of the CROM to gain a foothold in that state. CROM organizers at times have barely escaped with their lives. In Jalisco the drive against the CROM began back in 1925. Even with the support of Calles, the official organization was unable to maintain its foothold. The governor imposed by Calles to protect the CROM lasted just fifty-two days. Today the Labor Federation of Jalisco is one of the strongest independent groups in the country.

Then came the controversy with Portes Gil. This has struck severe blows at the organization. During the latter days of the campaign of Obregón (following the elimina-

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tion of Gómez and Serrano) the outspoken and powerful opposition to the Sonora candidate came from the CROM. When Obregón was assassinated, the wrath of his followers naturally turned against the CROM. The leaders had to scurry for cover. Morones, Moneda, Treviño, and Gasca of the munition workers resigned their government posts and went into momentary hiding. This resignation of the leaders when under fire lowered their prestige both with the country at large and with their own followers. However, the early charges hurled against the CROM of implication in the assassination appear to be utterly unfounded. Though the historic violences of the *palancas,* the strong-arm gangs of the CROM (generally believed to have assassinated Senator Juan Field Jurado in 1923), have long burned in the outraged public mind, the responsibility of Catholic fanatics for the murder of Obregón—in spite of the farce of a trial of Toral and Mother Conchita—is grounded on such conclusive and cumulative evidence as to bar any other interpretation.

Naturally the leaders seized the first opportunity to attempt to rehabilitate themselves. This was impossible until Calles had turned over his office to a new President. Calles undoubtedly chose Portes Gil as his successor as the most acceptable coalition candidate, a man mildly identified with the Obregón party, a product of "the revolution," known to be sympathetic toward the workers and the peasants and therefore, though not favoring the CROM, unlikely to take overt action against it. But within seven days after Portes Gil took office the coalition fell apart. The administration and the CROM had come to blows. The CROM leaders made a grandstand play to come back into their own.

The event was the ninth annual convention of the CROM, and the pivot was Calles. The ex-President in his famous message of September 1, 1928, had pointed out the road to political stability as being democracy, a rule of institutions and laws, instead of *caudillos* or military chiefs. Such a change in Mexican political practices was a break with the practices of both the regime of Obregón and Calles's own administration. Calles though he had consistently stressed legality and indeed was responsible for the creation of the greatest body of legal machinery since the Reform Laws of 1859, in practice threw legality overboard in dealing with the Catholics; and he tramped on freedom of the press—certainly one of the necessary bases of such a proposed transition to a democratic and institutional political system. The culmination of this illegal process at the very close of Calles's period was the official attack upon the leading conservative daily, the *Excelsior,* which had been guilty of nothing more heinous than a faithful reporting of the crudities of the trial of the assassin Toral.

In spite of his democratic salaam, Calles undoubtedly realized that Mexican politics would fall into fragments unless some strenuous effort was made to hold the government to the general trend of the revolutionary period. Immediately upon leaving office, he therefore set out to organize the Grand Revolutionary Party (GPRN) and, through this vehicle, to become the power behind the throne. The new party was obviously an attempt to divide the Obregón military and bureaucratic elements and throw those most personally loyal to the side of the new Government and the Calles candidate. At the same time, Calles evidently hoped to rehabilitate the CROM and make it the bridge between the new party, composed of military and bureaucratic elements, and the more popular aspirations of the country. His appearance in the CROM convention heartened the faltering leaders of the organization and undoubtedly swept them beyond the limits of common sense.

In a moment of exultation they forced the leading personalities to unmask and define their positions. But it was an unpropritious moment. Portes Gil had already indicated his lukewarmness to the CROM. While still in the Cabinet of Calles, he had called a mixed convention of employers and workers to discuss a proposed labor law. Whereas Calles, shortly before this, in a decree creating an industrial council, had excluded all labor representation except that of the official CROM, Portes Gil now gave the CROM but twenty odd delegates out of a hundred labor representatives in the mixed convention. The CROM determined to make Portes Gil show his colors. In the ninth annual convention, convened a few days after the seating of Portes Gil, the organization called upon him to suppress a revue at the Lyric Theater, which was satirizing Morones and recounting his opulent living, the pocketing of nearly a million pesos destined for the flood sufferers of León, the purchase of the luxurious Hotel Mancera for 800,000 pesos, and the orgies in this country palace in Tlalpam. At the bottom, the CROM's demand was aimed against the independent theater workers' union, which had recently seceded. Portes Gil promptly declared that he intended to guarantee liberty of speech in the theater and elsewhere. (His previous attack at Calles' behest on the *Excelsior* belied this statement; and he has since arbitrarily ruled a theater production off the boards.)

The CROM thereupon broke with the Government, ordered all appointed CROM administrative officials, state and federal, to resign, withdrew its delegates from the mixed labor-law convention, and removed the sessions of the ninth convention from the government-owned Hidalgo Theater. Morones talked of calling out the workers of the country—a veiled threat of revolution. At the same time a bitter attack was launched on General Pérez Treviño, Governor of Coahuila, who had been elected some time before with PLM support, but had promptly broken his pact and had driven the CROM out of his state. The crisis was stirred up from another source. The agrarian leader, Antonio Villareal, called upon Calles to define his position, charging him with obscuring the political ideology by remaining in two fundamentally contrary and warring organizations—the new GPRN (of which Pérez Treviño was one of the executives) and the CROM. Simultaneously the agrarian leaders Manrique and Soto y Gama launched bitter attacks against Calles and the CROM in the Chamber of Deputies.

As a result Calles was obliged abruptly to withdraw from all political activities. His alternative would have been to immerse himself completely, coming out definitely for the CROM or his god-child, the GPRN. Fealty to the CROM would have meant a rupture with Portes Gil seven days after installing him in office—a ridiculous position. And even had Calles clung to the GPRN, he would ultimately have been driven into opposition with the administration, at present intent upon consolidating a new bureaucratic group.

Calles's withdrawal from politics reanimated the enemies

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f the CROM. The Chamber of Deputies indulged in a ecapitulation of the abuses of the CROM, the centavo as-essment on every liter of milk, on every kilo of charcoal old, the 10 per cent assessed every CROM and PLM mem-er employed by the government—funds turned over to the ıner Grupo Acción, but never accounted for in any of the of-cial financial statements of either of the two organizations. Where, asks the union of Slaughter House Workers, are the 00,000 pesos handed over to CROM officials to construct vorkers' houses? Where are the half million pesos of the avings and loan fund of the workers of the government rinting establishments? The funds of the workers of the actories of the Consolidated and Model, the funds of the treet-car workers, and of numerous cooperatives? Where re the funds destined for the aeroplane flight? The totals un up into millions.

And so the CROM has crumbled overnight. Deser-ion has been cropping up on every hand. The linotypers alled upon the CROM leaders to resign, and thereupon eceded. The street-car workers, originally brought into the CROM by governmental coercion, announced that they vere tired of the tyrannies of the Grupo Acción. A monster abor demonstration filed before the home of Portes Gil to hank him for freeing them from the exactions of the CROM.

Undoubtedly the CROM needed a house-cleaning; it ıeeded to be freed from the incubus of its corrupt leadership; t needed to be cut off from all official patronage. But as a esult of this attempt to eliminate corrupt leaders, the whole ›rganization is going by the boards. Today Mexico is with-ıut an effective national labor organization.

Contributors to This Issue

ALBIN E. JOHNSON is staff correspondent in Geneva of the New York *World*.

ROBERT WALLACE is the pseudonym of a New York newspaperman.

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MALCOLM COWLEY will publish a book of poems, "Blue Juniata," this spring.

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EMILY DICKINSON'S four poems will appear for the first time in a volume "Further Poems of Emily Dickinson," to be published this spring by Little, Brown and Company.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS is the author of "Jefferson and Hamilton."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS'S new novel, "The Insider," has just been published.

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LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
Program March 15-23
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Friday, March 15—Everett Dean Martin—"Liberty and the Law—From Thomas Hobbes to Wayne B. Wheeler."
Sunday, March 17—Robert Cushman Murphy—"Mountain and Seacoast in Ecuador."
Tuesday, March 19—The American Institute Science Lectures—Dr. E. Newton Harvey, Professor of Physiology, Princeton University—"Living Lamps (Bio-luminescence)."

At Muhlenberg Branch Library
209 West 23rd St., at 8:30 o'clock

Monday, March 18—Richard P. McKeon—"Substance and Causality: Thomas Aquinas."
Wednesday, March 20—Horace M. Kallen—"The Essence of Tragedy. "The Experience Tragedy."
Thursday, March 21—Henry J. Fry—"The Law of Heredity."
Saturday, March 23—E. G. Spaulding—"The Realistic Solution of Philosophical Problem The Basic Argument for Realism."

DISCUSSION

THE GROUP
A Clearing House of Opinion
meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th St.
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(Psycho-analyst)
will speak on:
"THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX"
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